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Vol. CLII No. 1985 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEBRUARY 5 1938

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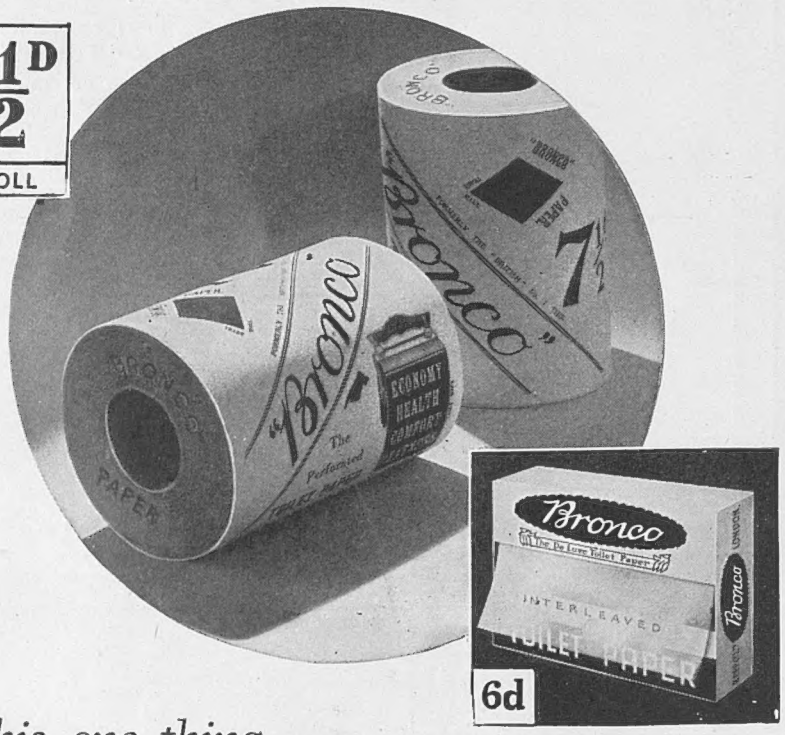

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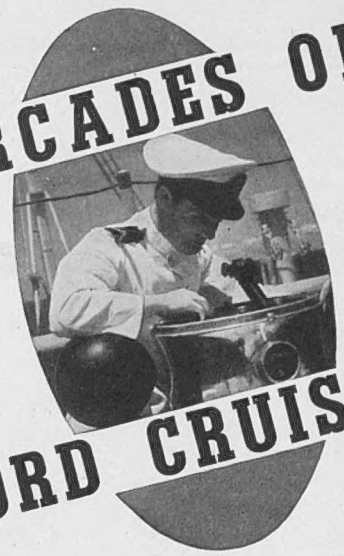

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 5, 1938

HOLLAND ACCLAIMS HER NEW PRINCESS

A Herald and His Escort Riding Through the Streets of The Hague to Announce the Birth of Princess Juliana's Daughter

In almost a century there have been but five births to the House of Orange of Princes or Princesses in direct succession to the throne, and thus it is that Holland makes much of such rare occasions and, with the advent of popular Princess Juliana's baby, has given itself up to rejoicing in remarkable fashion. As soon as the glad tidings became known last Monday with the firing of salutes of 51 guns, great crowds gathered in the cities and towns to acclaim the little Princess, and later mounted heralds, picturesquely clad, rode through the streets to read the royal proclamation of the birth. Although the official celebrations did not take place until Tuesday, this did not prevent Holland giving immediate demonstration of its joy, young and old joining in the festivities. Everywhere people sported Orange favours, and in Amsterdam the occasion was commemorated by the planting of a tree specially brought from the town of Orange, in the South of France, where the historic Dutch dynasty had its beginnings. Telegrams of congratulation poured in on the Soestdyk Palace from every corner of the globe. The baby is a sturdy, finely-built infant, with blue eyes and light brown hair, and is stated to be "full of life." It is understood the birthweight was just under 8 lb. (*See also page* 206)

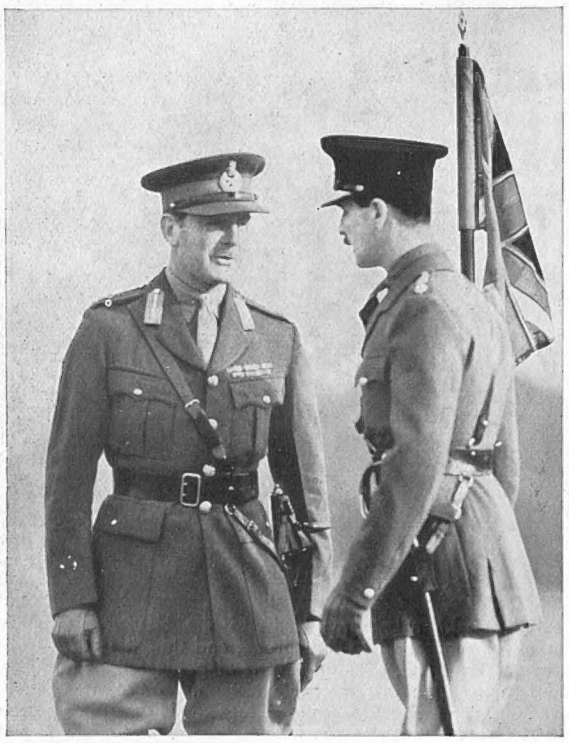
Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

REVEALING WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S HIDDEN BEAUTIES: Men engaged in cleaning the monuments in St. Edmund's Chapel, the latest portion of the great shrine to receive attention. Fine pumice powder, which will not harm the stonework, is being employed and slowly but surely the thick coatings of dust and soot—the accumulations of many decades—are being removed. Towards the right is the canopied tomb of Edward Talbot, 8th Earl of Shrewsbury

A London Newsletter

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, February 2, 1938.

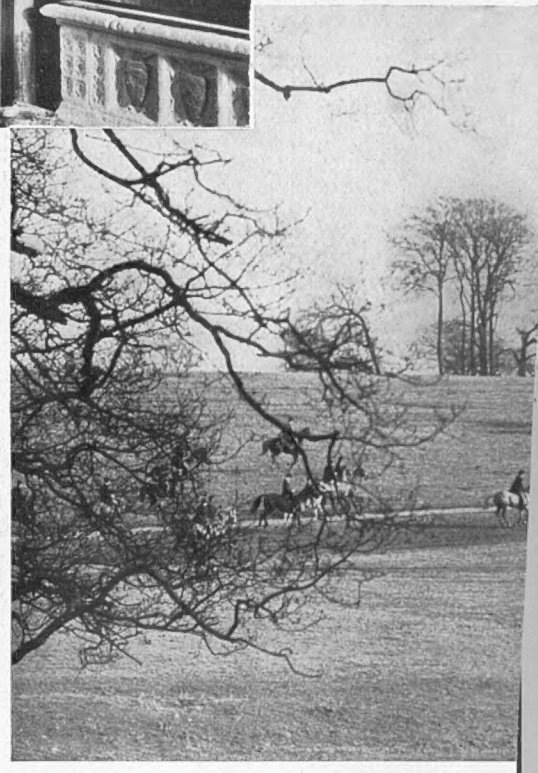
WAR MEASURES.—Revelation of the advanced state of the Government's preparations for safeguarding the inhabitants of these islands and food supplies in the event of war produce different re-actions. They relieve the fears of many and awake the fears of many more. They silence the voice of Opposition criticism and waken the whisper of rumour and anxiety. While the Opposition persuaded us that the Government had taken no constructive measures of precaution, many of us pooh-poohed the very idea of war. When we hear of skeleton organisations in being, of selected and remote railheads and markets, of ration cards, we are inclined to whisper "Has it come to this?" Some of the official theories of the next war in Britain, as forecast in the press, are interesting to study. For example, the Government's belief in the efficacy of the Navy against any hostile combination to ensure the safety of the bulk of merchantmen bringing food to Britain. And the theory that the air danger will only be critical during the first month of war, because the wastage of hostile air personnel will be so decimating. Thus our danger from starvation or the total crippling of the means of distribution will only be critical during the first weeks. The key "food-stuff" is not wheat for the people but feed for cattle. Since 1914 we have hugely increased home supplies of cattle, eggs, and vegetables. Joseph's great expedient—the storage of wheat—is *vieux jeu*. The wheat would deteriorate and pre-war bulk-purchase by Government for storage would dislocate the markets. It is all very interesting, and impressive in its realism.



SANDHURST'S NEW CHIEF: Forty-seven-year-old Major-General T. R. Eastwood, D.S.O. (left), on the parade ground last Sunday when making his first inspection on taking over as Commandant of the Royal Military College. His is one of the many appointments that have recently been made under the War Minister's "merit before seniority" campaign. Major-General Eastwood was at one time A.D.C. to Lord Liverpool when the latter was Governor-General of New Zealand and, after serving on several fronts in the great war, was on Lord Rawlinson's staff in North Russia in 1919

VAN ZEELAND REPORT.—There may be quick brains and ripe experience which can study, absorb, and comment on the Van Zeeland report in a night. That power is not given to most of us. We agree that (for once) the subject is to be approached rather by exploring avenues than by rushing fences. If M. van Zeeland propounds many interesting, concrete, and detailed suggestions for freeing exchanges and removing tariff walls, he himself admits, and every reader sees that in our present system, the result of world upheaval, international trade — which at the most free is but a means to an end —is to-day a contradiction in terms, since large-scale economic nationalism is the nearest approach to it that we can show. He clearly sees that his cart must precede his horse; that his nostrum cannot restore economic equilibrium and world peace, but that economic equilibrium must somehow restore itself before economic and national self-protection, the removal of exchange restrictions, and the stabilisation of currencies, can give place to general collaboration for free international trading. This careful report should at least stimulate thought among the industrial and financial ministers and magnates of the world, even as it sets the seal of authority on one or two important economic theories of betterment. One by one and two by two, the nations may get together on the basis of M. van Zeeland's report.

JAPAN AND COMING PROBLEMS.—To the educated Chinese Japan is a bumptious upstart. Living in the tradition of a once-glorious civilisation, the Chinese philosopher has never wasted any respect even for Western civilisation. Accordingly, Mr. Hirota revealed a typically clumsy Japanese diplomacy when he sought to conciliate Chinese and Western opinion of her aggression by offering to China a very junior partnership in a Far-Eastern bloc, presided over by Japan. Chinese territory would remain "inviolate"—that is to say, the whole vast country would be garrisoned by Japanese troops, and its administration would be continued on Japanese lines by Chinese officials chosen by and entirely under the direction of Japanese advisers. Not a very glorious prospect for an educated Chinaman, Mr. Hirota's "terms" are more humiliating than any conqueror in the West ever ventured to impose on an enemy State beaten to her knees. If any terms could be more likely to stiffen resistance to the last man, one cannot devise them. And the special efforts to conciliate Britain seemed no more inspired. For one thing they come rather late in the day, and during a campaign of intensive anti-British propaganda in Japan inspired by the army. Nevertheless, embarrassing decisions remain for Britain on the Far-Eastern question, as in the League Assembly on Mediterranean affairs. Japan cannot go on for ever without money. If the Governments of Britain and America may well hesitate to interfere with trade with Japan or to boycott Japanese goods, their peoples would raise an outraged cry if either Government sponsored or encouraged a loan to Japan for the prosecution of the war against China. A harvest from Chinese Customs must prove a slow and doubtful source of revenue and it is difficult to see where else Japan can look to find the sinews of war. The prospect of China cracking up as a nation must be remote while millions of Chinese Bolsheviks remain alive, pledged to resist Japan and to support Communism to the death. It is therefore small wonder that Mr. Hirota's speech showed chinks in its armour of bluff and that already criticism and intense anxiety are revealed in the speeches of many members of the Japanese Parliament. Indeed, Britain is doing what Mr. Hirota asked of her; she is beginning to understand Japan's position in Eastern Asia more clearly than Mr. Hirota imagines.



WINTER SUN ON HAMPSHIRE'S DOWNS: A pictur taken after the meet of the "H. H." pack a Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, on what must u doubtedly have been a perfect hunting mornin

AMERICAN LIMEHOUSE.—

History repeats itself. Poor thing, it can do nothing else, for there is nothing original in politics or in the stages by which democracy in every nation gradually overthrows an aristocracy of rank, wealth, or other form of vested power. At the end of last year and the beginning of this year, when Mr. Roosevelt resumed his campaign against those sections of "big business" which blocked or strenuously opposed his campaign against trusts and monopolies, he himself adopted a more conciliatory tone; and wisely, since he saw that the time had come for discrimination, inasmuch as a sweeping tar brush applied to business interests generally throughout America was effective only in killing all hope of co-operation. But some of his subordinates neither discriminated nor conciliated; and reading to-day coolly some of the reported utterances on public platforms of Secretary Ickes and of Assistant-Attorney General Jackson, I am amazed by their undiscriminating and mischievous bitterness. Speeches by both of them are curious parallels with Mr. Lloyd George's famous speech at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, delivered on July 30, 1909. Secretary Ickes called by name a number of so-called malefactors of great wealth —the now famous "sixty families," alleged to control the destinies of the U.S.A.—among them the Drexels who have played no important role in business for forty years. Mr. Jackson, in a speech at Philadelphia, out-Georged Mr. George in his bitterest phase in his accusations against "Big Business" as a horde of bandits holding up at the pistol point all efforts to secure for the United States social justice. Such speeches, such oratorical excess, can never do good, must do harm. Reading the Limehouse speech to-day one can only marvel at those who were gulled by it.

BYRON 150.

—The 150th anniversary of Byron's birth called forth tributes and re-opened questions which once burned, concerning him. Mr. Nicolson fairly set forth the temperature chart of his fame and showed how the legend grew and varied in importance. He seems to suggest that when Byron in exile was eating his heart out for his wasted fame and discarded reputation, people in England, so far from despising his genius as they condemned his morals, still regarded him as a glory of British poetry. It may be so, but those people had a way of "dissembling their love" by kicking him downstairs. France of course never wavered, and most English critics even to-day regard him as one of the first of English poets. I have always felt that (not by his life only but) by the cynicism which he assumed to cloak his deficiency complex (among other weapons, such as disregard of convention and braggadocio) he himself was the worst enemy of his fame. The public insists that great writers shall take themselves and their works seriously. Hence Tennyson's long and steady reputation; hence after the publication of his autobiography, Trollope's decline from grace (he of course is a minor example). Byron affected to despise his verse when the mood was on him; he affected to treat his loveliest lyrics as *vers de société*. There is a fine example of this in his letter of June 23, 1823, to Lady Hardy, which I brought to light, and in which he explodes the mystery of the origin of "When we two parted." If he had taken his writings always as seriously as he took his fame, his fame could have looked after itself.

THE SIDNEY WEBBS.

—I am sure Lord and Lady Passfield, or Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb or Lord Passfield and Mrs. Webb, need no proof that they have "succeeded in life" and deeply and permanently impressed themselves on their generation, and the next. If they did so, they could find it in the panegyrics on Mrs. Webb's eightieth birthday, written by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells in *Spectator* and *New Statesman*. This "concatenation of circumstances" makes a bull's-eye for all to see. Mr. Wells paid her a fine compliment in calling her "greatest of great ladies." Mrs. Webb would probably insist that she was and is a "woman of the people." Both would be right. For sixty years the truth, however elusive, however unpleasant, has hid in vain from that dynamic force, that super-sleuth, that non-stop miner, Mrs. Webb. The baser the metal she brought up to the surface, the more she valued it. Essence or extract, every shovelful played a part and found a place in her text-books. She worked (and still works) many hours a day and is not discouraged "after eighty years among fools and savages who will rise to nothing but ecstasies of murder." Among that circle appear to have been at various times (not to mention Messrs. Shaw and Wells), Balfour, Haldane, Grey, Archbishop Lang, Bertrand Russell, Newbolt, Amery, Milner, Leo Maxse. She has managed all her life to keep a diary, and hope is held out by Mr. Shaw that one day that diary will reveal what she thought of her own circle and contemporaries. May I live to read it!

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

—I am glad to have seen the great display of Northern Lights on the evening of January 25. I do not expect to see its equal again, even in the North. That some phenomenon of nature was likely to occur, the colour of the sky clearly suggested as early as four o'clock. Travelling down from London by the 4.50 p.m. train from Waterloo to Portsmouth I and my neighbour marvelled at the strange clarity and the irridescent pale-green of the sky and agreed we had seen nothing like it in years. When Hindhead showed up before that opal background, the effect was extraordinary. But the display of Northern Lights began much later, and in the Midhurst–Petersfield area was at its best at eight o'clock and had vanished finally by nine o'clock. The effect was as if somewhere beyond Aldershot three mammoth searchlights, throwing million-power beams of deep rose-red had been turned into the sky. The intervals between these three rose-red Vs were painted in with silver and palest green, a sight of extraordinary majesty and loveliness. The display ended by the beam wedges dispersing into the sky, in cloud-patches of pink, like a stormy sunset. Two centuries ago we should have clearly accepted the display as a portent probably ominous. To-day we put it down to—gas.

AUSTRALIA VICTRIX.—

Everybody (except aborigines) is rejoicing in the 150th anniversary of the first White Settlement in Australia. The year 1938 is rightly to be a year of triumph for Australia, and Lord Hawke has done his little bit by handing their cricket Test team the Ashes in advance. It is a splendid start for the Australian cricketers, but it is not box-office. It was an odd thing for Lord Hawke to say (read apart from the context). We cannot hope to win if British pundits throw up the sponge before the sides are chosen or in these islands. It is possible, of course, that Lord Hawke, studying the list of the chosen sixteen Australians (which includes neither Oldfield nor Grimmett but retains Chipperfield and takes in S. Barnes) may alter his opinion. He certainly will not criticise the selectors.

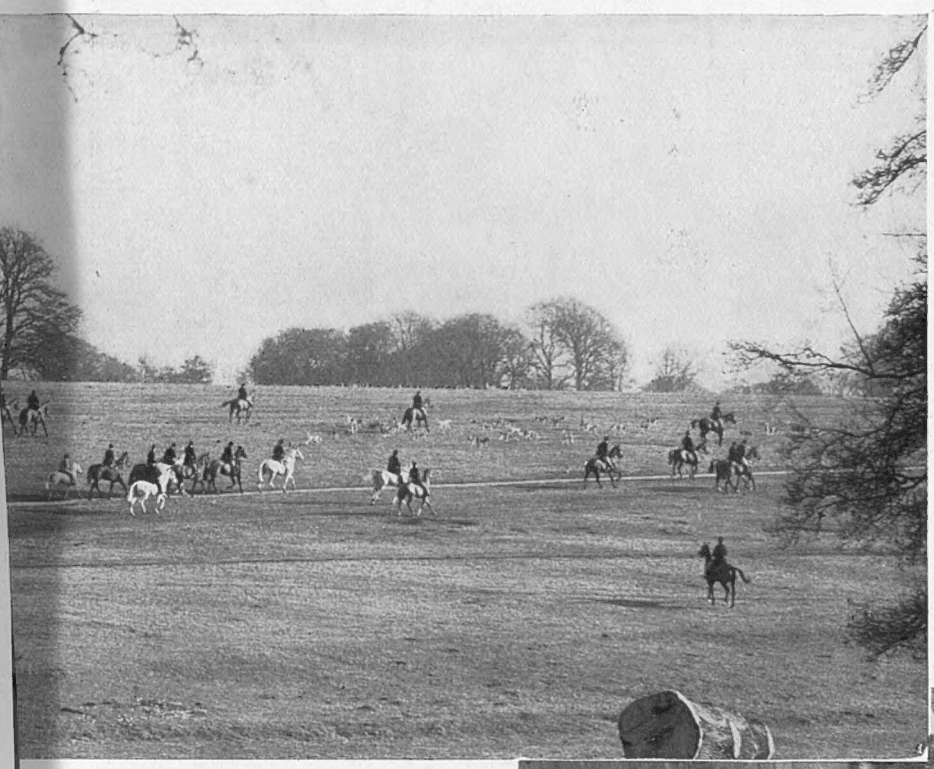
"AURI SACRA FAMES."—

Once in a while, when domestic matters are thrashed out in public court, the man-in-the-street, whose life is usually hedged in a narrow compass by the urgent need of making a small earned income satisfy the bare necessities of feeding and educating his family, learns how some of the very rich live; how many thousands a year may be squandered away on "luxury" articles and "luxury" escapes from boredom; how the possession of superfluous wealth breeds terrors and anxieties as sharp as the fear of unemployment or illness among the poor—fear of the axe from Socialist government, fear of financial crises which may cause an easily gained profit to melt like April snow, fears that breed the miserly follies of old French peasant women, the urge to hoard red gold in a hiding place in the house. The curtain is raised and the public peeps inside. Then how hideously and eternally true seem the old nursery fables about gold and its curse. Then, every reader becomes something more than a Socialist in theory and sees in those who enjoy without a sense of responsibility wealth they have not earned, the chief enemies of our social system.

HOLLAND'S HEIR.—

Princess Juliana's baby is born and cannot hope to receive during life so much concentrated day-to-day publicity as during the two months preceding birth. In this fact there need be no bathos. Even Royal babies—even in this age—are better without it. Biographies of nurselings and constant Press photographs of their pram outings serve no useful purpose for nurseries or thrones, nor greatly assist the causes of public education or national unity. Every mortal marches from the cradle to the grave, and whether born in palace or cottage the first stage of his journey is very much along the same track. It is good to know that Princess Juliana and her child have survived their ordeal—have not been killed by misdirected kindness. Holland has no reason to regret the sex of the infant.

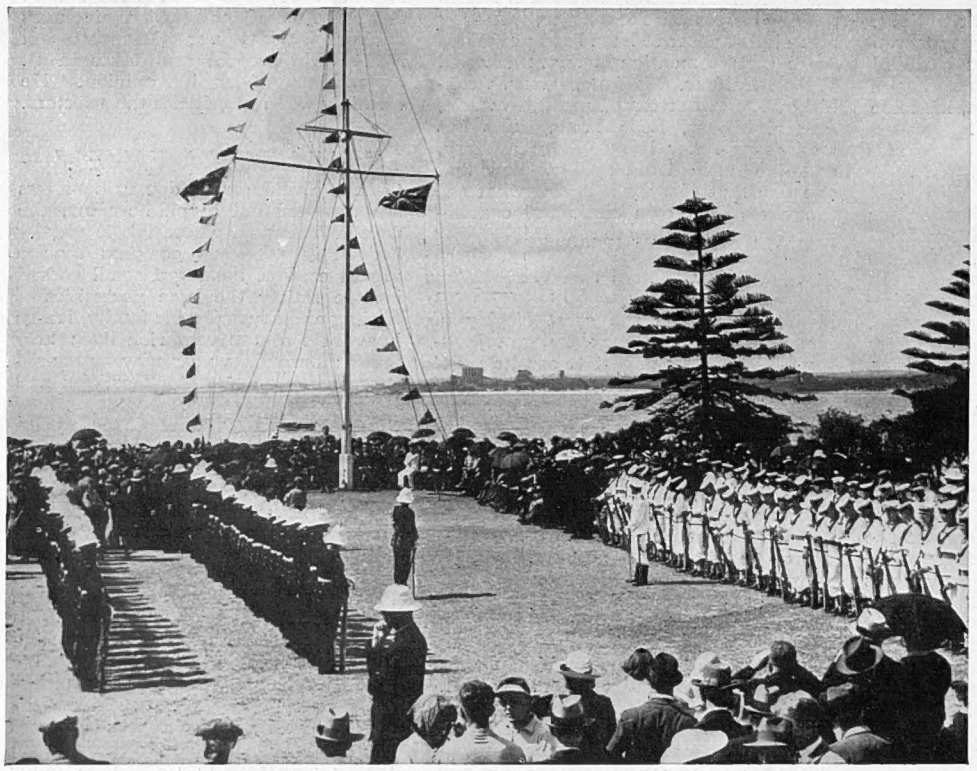
THE OLD STAGER



WHILE DAWN TO DAWN REJOICING TOOK PLACE IN SYDNEY in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of Australia's first white settlement, the High Commissioner, Mr. Stanley Bruce, who is seen on right, held a special reception at Australia House, Strand, welcoming a host of distinguished guests. The festivities in Sydney, which altogether will last three months, began with a realistic re-enactment of the landing of Admiral Arthur Phillip, the first Governor, in 1788. This was followed by a street pageant of the Commonwealth's history, entitled "March to Nationhood," The city presents a thoroughly cosmopolitan appearance these days with visitors from all parts of the world

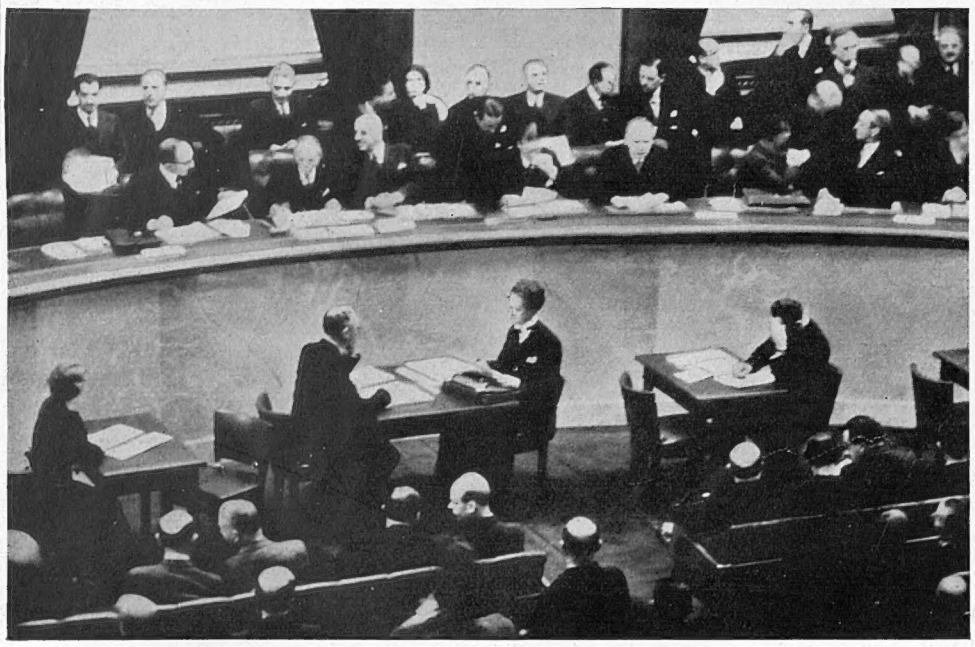
EUROPE'S ONLY BACHELOR KING TO WED

And Other Imbortant Topics of World Interest Pictorially Surveyed



BIRTH OF A NATION: The scene on January 18 on the shores of Botany Bay just after Lord Wakehurst, Governor of New South Wales, had hoisted the ancient flag of Queen Anne at the exact spot at which Captain (later Admiral) Arthur Pnillip, R.N., had hoisted his flag on first landing on Australian soil 150 years previously, thereby laying the foundations of the Australian nation. Last month's ceremony was the first b g event in the Commonwealth's 150th anniversary celebrations

THIS IS THE WAY THE ROMANS STEP! Signor Mussolini heading a group of high Fascist officials during a demonstration of the "goose-step," or "passo Romano," which has for the first time been introduced in the Blackshirt militia, and may eventually be adopted by Italy's regular army. The Duce is credited with saying: "It is a step which sedentary people with large stomachs and the half-buried, deficient people of so-called half-pint size will never be able to do. That's why we like it"



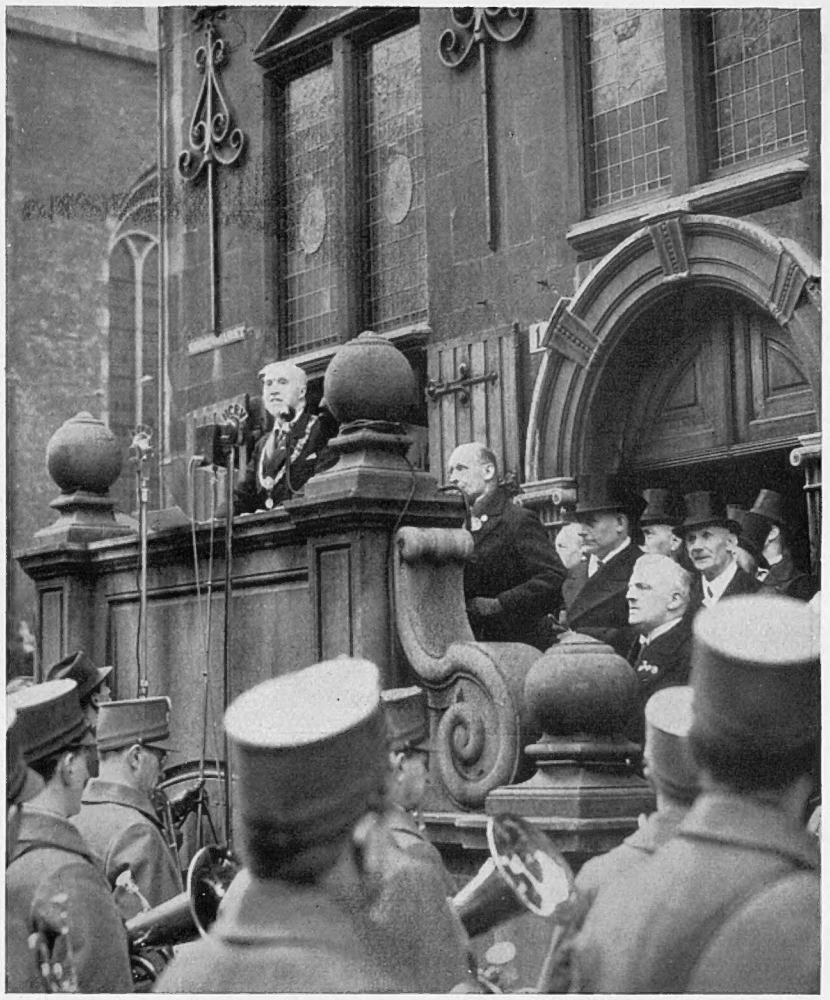
THE LEAGUE DISCUSSES ITS OWN FATE: Mr. Eden and M. Litvinoff, of Russia, are seen seated in the centre of the horseshoe in this picture taken during one of the meetings last week. The question of League reform has been uppermost, and some of the smaller States have made a plea for "a weakened League divested of the right to impose sanctions." This suggestion has not by any means won wide support, and it seems that now the whole problem is to be shelved until September

Benda

THE ALBANIAN ROYAL BETROTHAL: A new portrait of King Zog, whose engagement to the beautiful Countess Geraldine Apponyi, of Hungary, has now been officially announced and has caused great satisfaction in Albania. The King is forty-two years of age

KING ZOG'S BRIDE-TO-BE: Countess Geraldine Apponyi, daughter of the late Count Julius Apponyi, a Court figure in the days of the Empire, and of the late Gladys Virginia Stewart, an American woman. As she is a Roman Catholic and the King is a Muhammadan the match depends on the Pope's consent

HOLLAND MAKES MERRY



HOW THE HAGUE RECEIVED THE NEWS: *Above*—A happy party dancing in front of a decorative windmill in the streets of the city after Burgomaster de Monchy (*right*) had proclaimed the birth of a daughter to Princess Juliana. The rejoicings throughout Holland and her colonial Empire have been on a truly remarkable scale, and by the manner in which they have staged their festivities the Dutch people have clearly shown the degree of their loyalty to the House of Orange to which they have for so long looked up. At the time of writing reports of mother and child indicate they are both doing well

CHEERS FOR THE ROYAL BABY: The huge crowd which assembled outside the Palace in Amsterdam to acclaim the birth of Princess Juliana's child which was made known to them by the firing of fifty-one gun salutes. Later in the day there was an official announcement from the Premier couched in the following terms: "Hare Koninklijke Hoogheid Prinses Juliana heeft heden, den 31sten Januari 1938 des voormiddags te 9.47 uur het leven geschonken aan een flinke Dochter"

THE GREAT MONTE CARLO RALLY

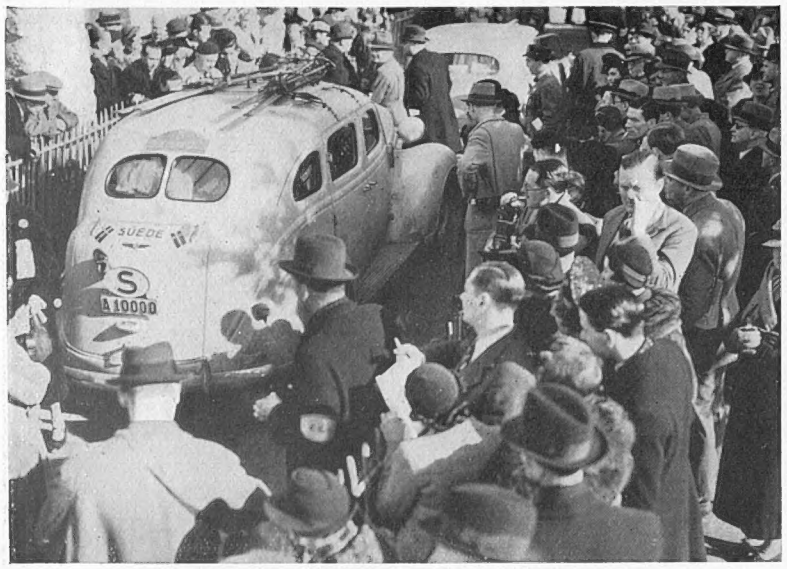
Trials and Tribulations of the Competitors as They Converged on the Riviera

SHE STARTED FROM JOHN O'GROATS: Miss K. Taylor superintending the work of securing her Lancia to the deck of the cross-channel steamer on reaching Folkestone from the far north of Scotland in the Monte Carlo Rally. As usual the competitors—50 women included among them—converged on the Riviera from many points of the compass, and some of them on arrival reported the most gruelling conditions

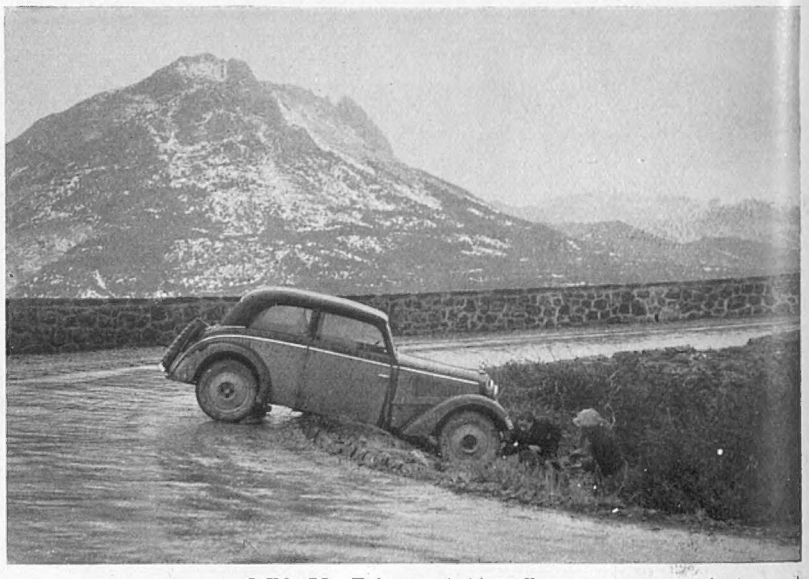
COFFEE, RELAXATION, AND A WARMING FIRE: Miss D. Patten and her co-driver, Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, taking a well-earned rest at the Folkestone control point on completing the first half of their journey from John o' Groats to the Riviera in the Monte Carlo rally. The British competitors had to face difficult going

FROST-BOUND AND SNOW-COVERED ROADS AND BITING WINDS WERE THEIR PORTION: *Above*—Prince Nanischkine, who drove the smallest car in the rally, a 6-h.p. D.W.K., studying the route map during a short rest at one of the control points. *Right*—Mr. H. G. Bishop, Mr. J. Snow, and Lord Waleran

pictured on arrival at Monte Carlo at the end of the long drive. For British entrants the last stage offered the greatest difficulties, the mountainous highway between Grenoble and Digne being firmly in winter's grip. As a result drivers, who had up till then incurred no penalties, lost many points . . . and their chances of victory



JUST IN CASE they became snowbound the drivers of this car, who started at Umea, Sweden, carried skis which they strapped to the roof and which presented a rather incongruous sight on arrival at Monte Carlo



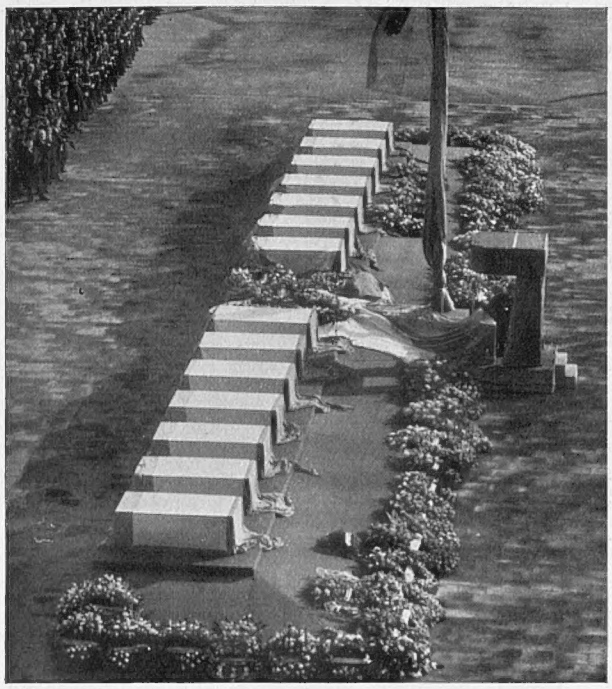
DITCHED: This car skidded off the road and was just saved from plunging into a ravine when travelling along a frost-bound highway of Southern France on the last gruelling lap which spelt failure to so many competitors

THE Monte Carlo Rally has once again lived up to its reputation as the most gruelling long-distance motor trial in Europe, the 400 competitors in 111 cars in last week's event facing the most arduous conditions as they converged on the Riviera from Scotland, Sicily, Rumania, Sweden, Greece, Estonia, and Norway. For four days and nights they battled their way through remote parts of Europe and then, on the last lap, faced the snow and frost-bound roads of the winter Route des Alpes through Sisteron

VICTORS: *Left*—Madame C. Rouault and Madame J. d'Herlique with their Matford car in which they won the Coupe des Dames, the chief prize for women competitors in the rally. They drove from Athens. *Right*—Members of the Dutch team who also started from Athens and received the premier award, the Coupe de l'International Sporting Club

TROUBLED EUROPE

News from France, Italy, and Belgium



PUBLIC FUNERAL AT NOTRE DAME: The draped coffins of the 14 victims of the disaster at the Municipal Laboratory at Villejuif where 5,000 grenades which had just been seized by the police from hidden Paris arsenals exploded

THE ITALIAN DISASTER: Ambulances outside the shattered arms factory at Segni, thirty-three miles from Rome, where last Saturday three violent explosions occurred in quick succession. The full extent of the casualties has been difficult to estimate, but the death roll was at least nineteen

FRENCH PREMIER BROADCASTS: M. Camille Chautemps pictured as he spoke over the radio last week and described his elaborate plans for dealing with France's labour problems

CONDOLENCES: M. Albert Sarraut, French Minister of the Interior, in conversation with relatives of the victims of the French laboratory disaster during the public funeral held at Notre Dame. This was one of three big explosions, all of which occurred in the space of a few days; one being in France; one in Scotland; and one, even more serious than the others, in Italy

EARTH TREMORS IN THE BELGIAN MINING DISTRICT OF CHARLEROI caused the partial collapse of a number of houses and much damage to the structure of other properties. Roads also subsided, and much costly construction work will have to be carried out to repair the damage. Such subsidences on a lesser scale are fairly common in mining areas

THE AURORA BOREALIS

Illumines Europe's Night Sky

The eerie beauty of the Aurora Borealis, that rare and wonderful phenomenon associated with sun-spot activity, was last week seen in Britain and in many parts of the Continent, even as far south as Vienna, its magic colours holding spectators spellbound. This eye-witness drawing was made by Sidney Barrett who describes the colour in the lower part of the heavens as a rich emerald merging gradually into blue, while high above the artist saw two great streamers of puce affording a superb contrast. In many country villages, where the cause of the strange sight was not realised, there was considerable alarm, which has been an age-old reaction of man to the mysterious display. The Northern Lights have always been associated with feelings of dread and foreboding, heralds of impending disaster, as Aytoun sets out in his poem "Edinburgh After Flodden": *All last night the northern streamers Shot across the trembling sky; Fearful lights that never beacon, Save when kings or heroes die*

THE VIGIL AT BAARN

A Correspondent Describes the Long Wait Preceding the Glad Tidings of the Birth of Holland's New Princess

JANUARY 26.

The Bad Hotel at Baarn is a home for bored journalists. They are there from all over the world, and especially from London. They ride round Soestdyk Palace on tandem-bicycles, stand at the big gates with their hands in their pockets, stare in shop windows, photograph the prince's dog, the kitchen-maid from the palace, the princess's two nurses, the prince's car and everything else that looks even remotely connected with Soestdyk; play bridge, read, improvise shows after dinner, which sometimes are not too bad, go to sleep in chairs: and wait, wait, wait . . . Day after day the only news they get to feed to their hungry newspapers is: "Princess Juliana, accompanied by the Queen, to-day took a walk in the grounds of the Palace."

SILENCE FOR THE PRINCESS AND HER BABY: A notice being nailed up on a tree outside the Soestdyk Palace requesting motorists to drive slowly and not to blow their horns when passing

Baarn is a healthy town. The Dutch say it is the healthiest in the country. I told an English journalist this and he reminded me that he was not in Baarn for his health. It is a town full of trees and solid looking villas with the usual big, windy sky of Holland spread over: nothing much else—a characteristic Dutch place of retirement, and no one knows better than the Dutch how to retire positively and irretrievably.

"Ten days of it," said a well-known Fleet Street reporter, "and I'm thinking of looking for a villa and reserving a plot in the village churchyard."

Off the main road, on the outskirts of Baarn, lies the white arc of Soestdyk Palace. A solemn-looking policeman stands at the gate.

We ask each other if Soestdyk can feel the eyes of the world upon it? It is odd to be like the journalists, slaves to an unborn babe.

Suddenly, about two o'clock in the morning, a siren shrieks through Baarn. In an instant there are lights and heads at every window. The Bad Hotel is in commotion. The streets fill. It is only a playful fire-engine on its way to an overturned petrol stove. Still, we are thankful for the thrill. Some of the journalists, being wide awake again, jump on their hired tandems and make a tour of the palace grounds to see if lights are burning in the princess's quarters. All is quiet. Everyone sleeps except the journalists, and they, too, go off now. The Fleet Street presses have already begun to turn.

Why is the world taking such a phenomenal interest in the birth of Princess Juliana's baby? One man says—I think rightly—that it is a tribute to a charming and intelligent lady, to the famous royal house that once gave England a king; and, of course, to babies the world over.

Orchestras are rehearsing national *liedjes* all day long, menu cards with the dishes printed in appropriate titles are piled ready in every restaurant, the special brands of Dutch hurdy-gurdy, normally prohibited from the central parts of Dutch cities, are approaching Amsterdam, The Hague, and Rotterdam by every road. Orange already decorates the public buildings. Shop windows have broken out in natal greetings long ago. Even the Stock Exchange is ready to burst into song and dance when the news comes through.

It is a curious feeling. A whole country on tip-toe waiting for the signal to rejoice. The stolid Dutchman holding his tankard of foaming beer in his hand and waiting for the sign to drink it!

We sit day and night by the wireless listening for that break in the Hilversum programme which will herald the news. It must be soon now. Orange balloons have been strung along all the overhead tram-wires. London papers are going to press two hours later.

Besides, it has started to rain. The trees around Baarn drip disconsolately. The journalists can think of nothing else to say, and the photographers of nothing else to photograph. The man over the telex machine in the Bad Hotel, which will be the first to tell the news to the world, has fainted from overstrain.

And the next day the telex ticks out: "Her Royal Highness, Princess Juliana, accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen, to-day took a walk in the grounds of the Palace."

* * *

10 A.M., JANUARY 31.

There has been excitement in the Bad Hotel at Baarn the whole night. Nobody seems to have slept. The lassitude of the past week has disappeared and there is an emotional quality in the air that makes everyone nervous. Outside it is cold, grey, with a fine, cotton-woolly rain falling. The rain drips from the bare trees. It drips down the turned-up collars of nervous photographers. It drips along the polished barrels of cannon. The officer in charge of the cannon is ready to lift his hand, to give the signal. All eyes are on the Palace of Soestdyk.

A man rushes breathlessly into the Bad Hotel. The journalists rush after him. A chair is turned over. A cup full of coffee crashes to the ground. A minute . . . . two minutes . . . . All at once the telex machine in the Press Room begins to tick. There is a helter-skelter rush to the telephones:

"Her Royal Highness Princess Juliana has given birth to a princess!"

The waiting is over. Everyone is rushing about congratulating everyone else. It is almost as if all these people at the Bad Hotel had suddenly become fathers themselves!

In Amsterdam the rejoicing and excitement were intense. At ten o'clock the guns began. The whole city stood listening, counting; would it be a prince or a princess? Fifty-one guns for a princess and 101 for a prince; and when the fifty-first gun was heard the people in the streets turned and looked at each other; but silence followed, it was a princess!

Then the noise broke out. Within about ten minutes huge orange and national flags were flapping in the streets and along the canals of the city. The trams burst into flags. Peddlers of orange ribbons and badges appeared as from nowhere. Hurdy-gurdies began churning out the *Wilhelmus*.

Roy Elston

LOOKING for SCRAP METAL in the ALPS

Italy's Highly Organised Search on the Great War Battlefields

SALVED FROM MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES: A piece of shell being recovered in the North Italian Alps by one of the hosts of men now scouring this area to meet Italy's urgent need for scrap metal for her armament programme. There is no dearth of material, as it was in this inhospitable, inaccessible region that Italy and Austria opposed each other during the great war

EVERY LITTLE HELPS and even this barbed wire, still remaining on one of the Alpine peaks which was a battleground in the great war, will eventually be taken away by the army of men now engaged in collecting scrap to meet Italy's unceasing raw material needs. The collectors are not particularly well paid and they are motivated to no small extent by feelings of patriotism

DESTINED FOR THE MELTING POT: A shepherd boy with a sack full of metal laboriously collected on one of the battlefields of Northern Italy

IN these days of hectic re-armament the whole world is in need of scrap metal, and Italy is one of the neediest nations as she has no inexpensive sources from which to obtain ore, but requires supplies to make up for losses sustained in the Abyssinian struggle. So her people are now scouring the Alpine battlegrounds of 1914–1918 and, as depicted here, are reaping a rich harvest of old shell cases and other objects, all of which will go into the national melting pot. The work of collection is far from easy in winter, as so much of the Alpine terrain is under snow, but when spring comes there is sure to be a great increase in activity.

THE TECHNISCHE NOTHULFE IN TRAINING: Members of Germany's new Emergency Technical Aid Corps pictured at their school near Berlin, where the senior members of this force go for courses of instruction. It is their function in time of war to help the civil population during air raids, including the rescue of people from bombed and burning buildings, to remove all obstacles to traffic after raids, and to carry out temporary repairs. In time of peace they work to prevent landslides, to strengthen river-banks, and go to the scene of any disaster. *Left*—Volunteers engaged in welding operations while wearing gas-masks. *Right*—A demonstration of how to shore up a house in danger of collapse

CONSTRUCTING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE: Members of Germany's Emergency Technical Aid Corps at work at their training school near Berlin. They give their services quite voluntarily to the organisation and many sacrifice a fortnight's holiday to attend the instructional courses. The men are drawn from all sections of the community and the most valuable, it seems, are those with a knowledge of engineering. Whenever any major disaster occurs the nearest detachment will rush to the spot to lend aid

A VERSATILE FORCE: *Above*—Constructing wicker gabions for use in strengthening river banks and (*right*) learning to operate a pneumatic drill. Two pictures representing further phases of the work of Germany's highly efficient Emergency Technical Aid Corps

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES . . .

The Men of the T.N., Germany's Emergency Technical Aid Corps, will Rush to the Scene to Lend Practical Help

ON A WAR ROAD IN SPAIN: With some tragic evidences of its risks

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S HOME FROM HOME

The Perils and Pleasures of Living in a Car Among Spain's Government Forces

By
B. L. JACOT

IT was in the late autumn of last year that I met the young American, and in an ill-advised moment sought to boast about the self-contained home-from-home I had managed to make out of my car while gathering news on the Guadalajara front. We had spent the night in the same ruined farm, but I did not discover my fellow war correspondent until I smelt his coffee and heard the flap-flap of his washing in the early morning breeze.

There is an easy camaraderie behind the washing lines in Spain. Living is difficult, catering a one-man job. I walked over to take a look at this man's car. Most of the cars you see near the fighting fronts are decorated with huge letters—CNTs, SMBs — marks of political groups which presumably replace other identification marks. This aged vehicle had little other paint left on it, but it was well covered, for in all available spaces between most of the letters of the alphabet (Roman and Russian) American flags appeared. Almost the first words my colleague spoke were those which informed me that he had lived for eight months in this car—if such would be the correct description of the vehicle.

Cars are important in Spain. Aircraft and modern mechanisation have increased the *tempo* of warfare. A correspondent must move about in the fighting areas to see for himself, for the facilities of radio have pinned official sources of information to a high level of optimism. To make a home out of your car is a logical step for the war correspondent of to-day, yet this need not be so dangerous for a prudent man as would at first sight appear. The American had been getting vivid and reliable news for his New York newspaper for eight months. I had only been perambulating among the stray shells and machine gun bullets for eight weeks. But we were, as good correspondents, each imbued with the great principle of remaining assets to our employers as living suppliers of information. The chances of getting killed are perhaps greater, but it is bad policy in the long run to take unnecessary risks.

BORN WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE GUNS: B. L. Jacot, author of the accompanying article, with the infant child of a farmer's wife

We parted after eating breakfast together and comparing notes. In face of my American friend's record I made no effort to press the claims of my Citroën which I had driven from Paris. In eight months I might have organised my comfort as highly. His only trouble was occasional leaks in the roof, caused by shell splinters, but these he repaired as they came along with adhesive (surgical) tape. The car did not belong to him. He claimed to have found it abandoned in a ditch in February 1937 and, sleeping the night in it, had been surprised by a visit from the *Securité*. His pass was in order but, it was pointed out, no permit had been attached thereto for his car. My friend deplored this oversight and requested that the matter should be remedied, with the neat result that the authorities added the necessary permit thus giving him (he claimed) a right to the car.

He is probably correct. A correspondent arriving in Madrid or Barcelona in the orthodox manner generally has attached to him Press Officers who will take him in Government cars on expeditions here and there. These officers are good fellows, but the official view is biased. The *Securité* in Barcelona and the military authorities in Madrid are suspicious bodies whose job is to watch foreign non-combatants. It is possible to avoid direct supervision if you live in your car, and the nomad life has the great advantage of getting only yourself into trouble. It is difficult to write of actualities in Spain without endangering, perhaps the lives, of persons who have helped you along.

Newsreel men in Spain take risks which seem to be unreasonable. Competition is knife-edged among them and the financial return on a few feet of sensational negative is high. When a village, or a fortified wedge in the mountains is getting too hot to be comfortable it is no exception to hear that a newsreel man left the spot with the last of the troops abandoning the position. I had for a companion a Londoner for three days in the neighbourhood of Teruel. His fixed idea was to get actual fighting on to his negative, and to do this without a telescopic lens.

His powers of persuasion were high, with the result that we spent thirty hours of our time together in the cellar of a house, listening to the sound of shells going overhead—in both directions. On poking out the head to see what was going on outside, machine gun bullets would arrive like hail from all sides. During the second night the unpleasantness passed, and we regained my car, but even this did not deter the newsreel man. Next morning, pushing on with the Government troops, he got himself captured and wounded while taking pictures from a belfry. What happened to his negative I do not know: I eventually handed over his spare cameras and tin boxes and gear in Barcelona to a representative of his company.

My effective permits to be abroad in Spain were four. My British passport No. 275,725, my Carte d'identité No. AE 27,996, my French permit to cross the frontier, and my Spanish permit to travel to Barcelona to be given an official pass. Officially I never reached Barcelona, being detained on the way. In any event, the military authority in other parts of Government Spain overrides the *Securité* which is *ad hoc* supreme in Barcelona.

My car made a very comfortable home, and it occasionally gives me quite a shock to see it, when I come out of my club, lying demurely in the St. James's parking place beside London-bred cars of unimpeachable respectability. I have a notion that the gallant little front-wheel drive Citroën, with its Paris number plates and its steering on the "wrong side", takes its retirement ill, yearning for the good old days when a line of washing hung from the luggage carrier (strapped on the roof) to the nearest telegraph pole, and the interior reeked with fragrance of bacon cooked on the floor over a Primus stove.

By an understanding with the hinges of the front seat, the back lets down, making upholstered contact with the edge of the back seat. The back of the rear seat itself, lifted up from the bottom, hooks up by means of straps to the roof. Access was thus given to 20 ins. of luggage space in the boot, with a useful storage shelf thrown in. This gave luxury sleeping, with electric light, to say nothing of being able to shave in the driving mirror by merely sitting up in bed, and central heating from the radiator.

If the car yearns for those sunny mornings when, with the week's washing boiled on the Primus and strung out to flap, the luncheon bubbles in its place, and the typewriter clacks merrily on the back seat, so sometimes do I. It's a carefree life—if you can cook. But it had its disadvantages in Spain. Had I thought of having a taximeter fitted to that car, I should have made a fortune.

It is difficult to avoid giving people a lift in the fighting areas, and you can never be quite sure what you are going to meet. I made it a rule of the house that all firearms should be parked in the back seat and that any passenger must sit beside the driver. "We're all right!" I would say, in the language of the moment. And, explaining, I would pat the end of the heavy automatic pistol sticking out of the cubby hole—on my side.

But this easy camaraderie of the road had its perils, and in the end led me to the brink of disaster—or romance, if you care to think of it that way. I had been watching a crack division attacking in the mountains east of Teruel, and as it did not look too good, I had retired some 10 kms. for a night's sweet repose. In the morning, scrubbing my head with a towel, I saw from the distance a young infantryman with his head poked through the window of my car, evidently savouring my coffee. It turned out that he was only having a sniff, and had stolen nothing, but I chased him for a fast 100 metres on the flat and, catching him, told him what I was going to do to him with my knife when I had recovered my breath. He said nothing, but he looked so scared I carried him back to share my breakfast.

I put him down at seventeen, and liked the look of him. He hardly spoke, and I bandaged up a snick he had on his right arm. All over that sector people come and go; there was nothing suspicious in this lad being on the road. But he had the number on his cap of a certain division that I knew, and when I began to question him, he broke down. He wanted to get away and he besought my help in a manner that could not help but arouse pity.

He began to say a lot then, speaking in French that I soon recognised had a slight Russian accent. It seemed that his dumbness was confined not so much to fear, as to his Spanish, which was worse, if such can be possible, than my own. For two days he argued with me, and by then I had come to like the boy. I told him he was welcome to his seat until I got to the frontier. Thereafter he would have to shift for himself, possibly in some of my clothing, but with no promises made of any kind whatever.

That boy knew how to make himself appreciated about the house. I even let him cook some of the lesser dishes and lent him an extra blanket to compensate him for having the steering-wheel (or shorter) side of the bed. We made two good buddies until I made the disconcerting discovery that he was a young woman. Shades of Mary Reid and Mary Anne Talbot!

The revelation came while we were on the road and I promptly kicked her out of the car. But I waited eventually on the road ahead and she caught up with me, admitting freely, now that her sex gave her the privilege, that if only she could get to Paris (where she claimed to have been born, the daughter of Russian émigrés) she would never go to war again. She said she had followed her lover, who had been killed, but I was disinclined to believe the story.

She must have crossed the frontier after I left her, for I have heard from her in Paris. In her letter she states that she could only have worn the flannel trousers I gave her by using the pockets as arm holes, so she adapted the pair into a skirt and doubtless made a first-class job of it.

If my American friend reads this I would like him to note that I set this adventure up, in the honour of my travelling villa, against the bookshelves (for what they are worth) and the larder (such as it is) that he has contrived in his obviously leak-ridden caravan. If he still claims he knows how to live in a car I am content to leave the issue until the next war that comes along.

FOUR-WHEELED WARRIOR: The Citroën car in which B. L. Jacot made his home while reporting the civil war. He found it comfortable enough, and had it fitted out in most ingenious fashion

KING ZOG HOLDS A COURT BALL IN TIRANA

A RESPLENDENT FIGURE: Dr. Vissarion Djouvanni, head of the Orthodox Church in Tirana, was one of the many notabilities at King Zog's Court ball in the palace at Tirana

THE ELABORATE ELEGANCE OF ALBANIA'S NATIONAL COSTUME: Madame Rrok Stani (right), wife of the Albanian Consul-General in Corfu, with other ladies of the Court at the ball given recently by King Zog at the Royal Palace, Tirana. It was a magnificent gathering and the third to be held by His Majesty since the end of November, when Albania celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her independence of Turkey. His Majesty was born in 1893, a member of the powerful family of Zogolli. He fought for Austria in the great war and subsequently continued his political career which in the end brought him to the throne

SOME DISTINGUISHED GUESTS: M. Pandeli Evangeli (left foreground), the Albanian Premier; M. Anatasiewcz (centre), a member of the Diplomatic Corps; Baron Thaon de Reval, of Italy; Countess Jacomoni (third from right), the wife of the Italian Minister in Tirana; Madame Sereggi; and the Yugoslavian Minister in Tirana

ITALY IN ABYSSINIA

RELAYING THEIR MASTER'S VOICE: Loudspeakers set up by the Italians on the site of the new race track and assembly ground on the outskirts of Addis Ababa. The area is at present being used as a market and this apparatus broadcasts the Viceroy's regular messages to the people

WHAT is really going on in Abyssinia? This is the question which many are asking and which is so difficult to answer with anything like accuracy by reason of the one-sided nature of the majority of existing eye-witness reports.

It is possible, however, to collate the available information to a certain degree and to place the state of affairs in the conquered territory in at least rough perspective.

There is no doubt, for instance, that Italy is pushing ahead with all speed her elaborate road-building programme which she regards as the key to the country's commercial development, and it is equally true that hostility in the land is far from being at an end. Evidence of the first-mentioned fact is contained in some of the accompanying pictures, and of the second in independent reports emanating from Rome and from the Abyssinian Legation in London.

Italy does not deny that she has lately been dispatching large bodies of reinforcements to East Africa, and the need for these at once becomes apparent if credence is placed on the following astounding statement issued last week by the Abyssinian Legation in London :—

"Violent opposition and fighting have been going on and are still going on in the North-western regions of the Empire chiefly in the provinces of Begameder, Armachoho Semien, and Lasta (Sokota).

"The desertion of three battalions of Eritrean troops which have helped to reinforce the resisting forces in the northern regions with arms and ammunition have completed the disorder of the Italian staff officers.

"The following is the list of losses sustained by the invading forces of the enemy in the above-mentioned northern and north-western regions during the last two months :—

"Killed—eleven senior officers (Maggiori), five officers, of whom one was a lieutenant (Tenente), and the remaining four were junior officers of the transport and radio departments; 5,993 men—Italians and Askaris. One senior officer was made prisoner and eighty-three wounded men were picked up. Forty-three lorries were destroyed. The number of the Ethiopian warriors killed during these engagements was equally large.

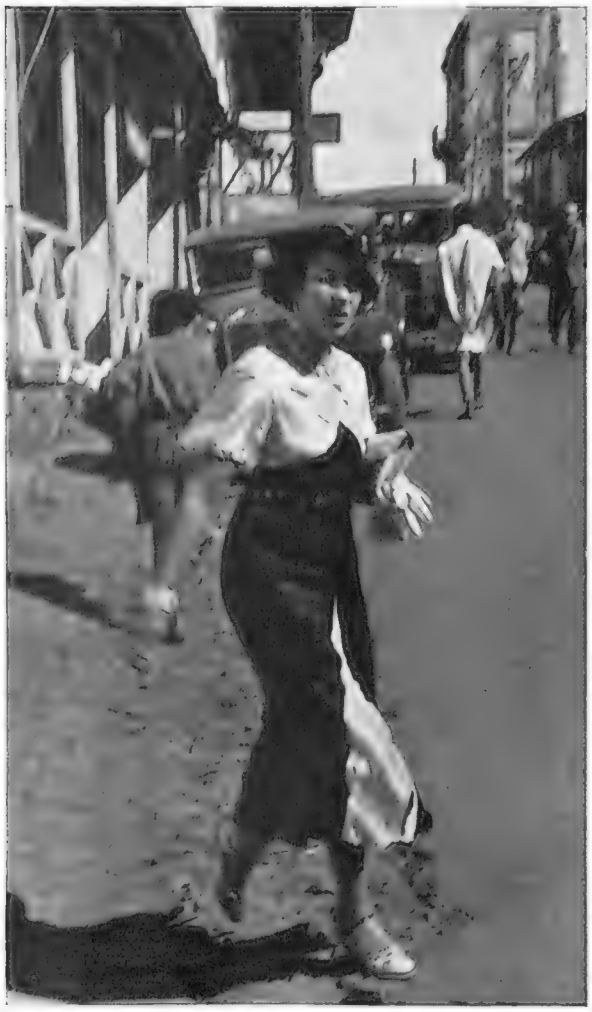
"Reports have also been received that fierce engagements are taking place at different points of the Ethiopian territory. In the north-east, the famous Dejazmatch Gabre Hewot remains master of that part of Tigre.

"Gojam Province has broken its benevolent neutrality towards the invading army by massacring 18 officers whose presence in Debra Markos (capital of the province) had been tolerated under certain conditions which the Italians felt they were no longer obliged to observe. By way of reprisals, from 30 to 40 airplanes leave Addis Ababa every day to go and bombard the towns."

ON THE ROAD TO ADDIS ABABA: A native policeman at one of the many police posts at each of which lorry drivers have to report so that their progress from the coast to the capital may be followed and their safety thereby ensured. On several occasions during recent weeks the road has been cut by still recalcitrant Abyssinians and attacks on vehicles are no rarity

THE ETHIOPIAN IS NO NAVVY so the Italians themselves are ... motor roads in the country. This picture of a bridge nearing ... the coast to Addis Ababa. The men receive very high wages

ADDIS ABABA MARKET: Trade is far from brisk these days ...



IN ADDIS ABABA THEY DRESS AS THE ROMANS DRESS: A vision of sartorial modernity in the streets of the Abyssinian capital

In addition to the armed resistance which appears from the above report to be continuing, passive resistance is also adding to the difficulties of the Italians, particularly where trade is concerned. In this connection the Jibuti correspondent of *The Times* stated on January 4 :—"Exports of coffee, hides, and skins, which in 1934 formed nine-tenths of the total of Abyssinian exports and were worth just over £1,000,000, have virtually come to a standstill. The natives have persisted, and still persist, in passive resistance, so that miles of valuable coffee plantations and tracts of agricultural land which they will not cultivate have for two years been left fallow. There are no new exportable commodities to take the place of those lost; indeed, it is apparent that many years must pass before other products, such as cotton, can be grown in sufficient quantities for export. Wheat and flour are now being imported, though there used sometimes to be a small export surplus. Imports in general have increased enormously."

With regard to economic conditions generally the same report pointed out:—"Attempts to regulate the cost of living have failed. In the towns it is several hundred per cent higher than it used to be, and prices are arbitrarily fixed. These official prices often allow of no profit, so that merchants ... either shut up shop or take the ... of law-breaking.

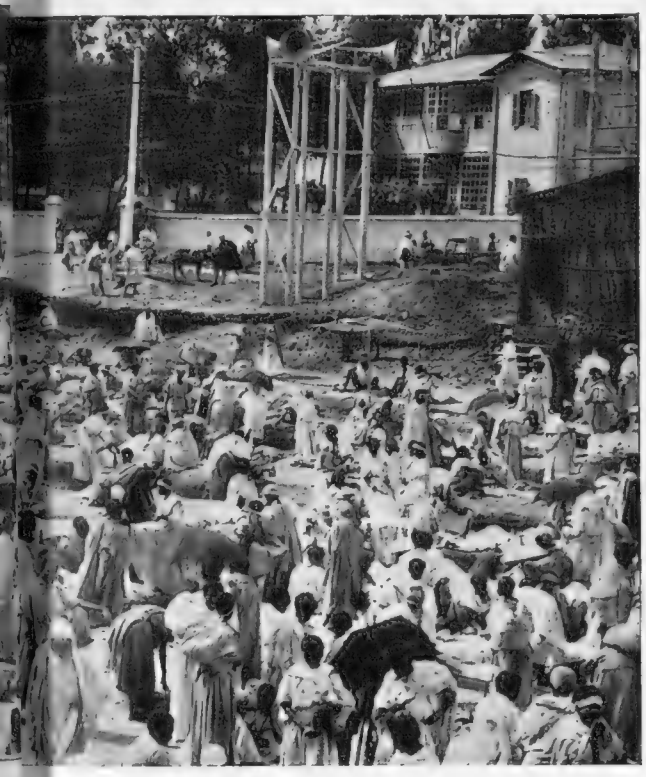
"The war did not ravage the coun... but Italian action since the war see... to have made nothing more certain t... a dearth of production. Forgetful ... the Latin precept 'Hurry slowly,' ...

THE LUXURIOUS AUTO-PULLMAN ... between Addis Ababa and Masse... French-owned railway to Jibuti in ...

A Survey of the Problems with which She is Beset in Developing the Newly-won Territory which, It Appears from Recent Reports, has yet to be Wholly Subjugated : New Pictures Evidencing Extensive Road-building Activity

to do all the hard work involved in the construction of the new pletion was taken on the Asmara-Dessie section of the highway from this is, of course, a great drain on the Administration's resources

BANKING IN THE WILDERNESS: A tent set up by the Banco di Roma on the new highway between Asmara and Dessie mainly to give Italian workers an opportunity of depositing part of their wages or of dispatching them home to their families. The majority of the natives are inclined to be distrustful of banks



ays ng only the local needs of the community from week to week

THE VANISHING MARIA THERESA DOLLAR: The obverse and reverse of the coin which until the Italian conquest was the official currency of the country and was minted by the Exchequer in Vienna. Now, however, the Italians are forcing their paper currency on the natives and, by all accounts, the latter are not by any means eager to take it. Last November the exchange rate was 10½ lire to the dollar, but it fluctuates widely

Administration is willing and able to make a fresh beginning. Failing this, the whole enterprise may be put in jeopardy."

From all this it would seem that the Duke of Aosta, the new Viceroy, has a task before him of the most formidable character.

When turning to the historical aspect of this complex situation, which is of particular interest at this moment in view of the question of the recognition of Italy's sovereignty over the conquered territory, THE SPHERE recommends to its readers Mr. George Martelli's remarkable work *Italy Against the World* (Chatto and Windus). This book gives one a continuous connected record of one of the most remarkable periods in the history of Mediterranean Europe. Though many of the facts are still fresh in the mind, the marshalling of them in this way brings a clearer vision of the whole portentous episode. One of the most ironic facets was the striving of France to maintain a close friendship with Italy, only to discern that nothing but discomfort was to result.

has scrapped the old machinery of Abyssinian commerce wholesale, and sought to put in its place a corporative system precipitately improvised. The present situation seems to call for sweeping changes in the Administration's native and economic policies, if it can be assumed that the

rovides a regular transport service ne coast of Italian Eritrea. The partly omaliland is not used very extensively

REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE HOMELAND: A column of Italian troops arriving in camp on the outskirts of Addis Ababa. In view of the unsettled state of things their presence is vital

As regards Britain, perhaps the most remarkable chapter is that which deals with the astonishing wave of feeling which swept over this island with regard to the League and produced diversities of opinion which split even devoted families asunder. We quote some salient passages from this part of the book, which should be read *in extenso*.

"Few States," writes Mr. Martelli, "had the courage to say openly that effective sanctions against Italy might lead to a European war. Had they done so there would have been less enthusiasm for the Emperor's cause."

These two currents, however, were not the only forces at work. Several other elements contributed to the complex of motives, which determined the final decision of the British Government. The issue was eventually fought out between the amateurs who were determined to vindicate the League and the professionals who considered such a policy at best impracticable, and at worst highly dangerous. But each side found allies, sometimes in the most unexpected quarters, who for quite different reasons added their weight of influence. Thus the League advocates, who in the main were Left wing internationalists, were supported for diametrically opposite motives by the extreme type of diehard imperialists, who regarded the Italian threat to Abyssinia as a menace to British interests in Africa and even farther.

(*Continued on page* 232)

News From China

THE AMAZONS MAKE THEIR BOW: It was very early on in the Spanish civil war that girl warriors were in evidence, but it is only now that we are beginning to hear of them in the Sino-Japanese struggle. These girls, well equipped from the point of view of uniform, belong to a mixed corps recruited from the colleges and high schools of the southern province of Kwangsi and have announced their intention of going right up into the front line and of fighting with the men to help stem the tide of invasion

WOOED BY TOKYO: Prince Kung, seventy-fifth lineal descendant of China's great sage, Confucius, pictured on arrival at Hankow whither he fled from his ancestral home at Kufow as the Japanese armies advanced. It is believed that as early as last autumn the Japanese offered him the chance to become Emperor of China if their invasion proved successful, but that he refused on the ground that his family has never sought power and that he does not intend to depart from their example

CHINA'S FALLEN CAPITAL: A Japanese sentry holding in one h the flag of the Rising Sun as he looks out over Nanking, w since December 13 has been in the hands of the invaders a according to latest reports, is still burning. Since then the sto

CLOUDS OF SMOKE RISING ABOVE NANKING, China's fallen cap which, according to a report last week, was still burning, desc the fact that the city was captured in mid-December. The forme prosperous down-town and shopping districts are now reduced masses of blackened ruins, where scavenging dogs constitute t only signs of life. The city is almost completely deserted by

AS THE TIDE OF WAR CAME BY: A hastily erected shelter occu by refugees on the outskirts of Nanking after their homes been blown up by Japanese shells. Most of the Chinese have fled from the area and, just as in the north, the invaders

AND HONG KONG

of fighting has shifted northwards to Suchow where the Chinese resistance has stiffened considerably, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek has created some sort of order out of the panic which has pervaded his forces ever since they were driven out of Chapei in an earlier stage of the campaign

Chinese population, with the exception of the refugee zone. American and German property has suffered most from Japanese burning and looting, while British property has so far been extraordinarily fortunate. The only serious damage has been the result of Japanese troops looting the premises of a British firm named Drysdales, and consuming all the stocks of wines and liquor. Officers, it seems, were quite unable to stop them

established a puppet administration there. Traffic on the River Yangtse, which passes through Nanking, is now permitted to proceed with the all-important provisions that all foreign ships are convoyed by the Japanese and that their presence "in no way interferes with military strategy"

IMPERIAL TROOPS HOLD MANŒUVRES IN HONG KONG: Members of an Indian Mountain Battery advancing through the sand dunes during the recent large-scale exercises staged by the British Defence Force in the colony under the command of Major-General A. W. Bartholomew, General Officer Commanding British troops in China. The manœuvres, which were on a significantly extensive scale, took place in the New Territories quite close to the Kwantung province of China

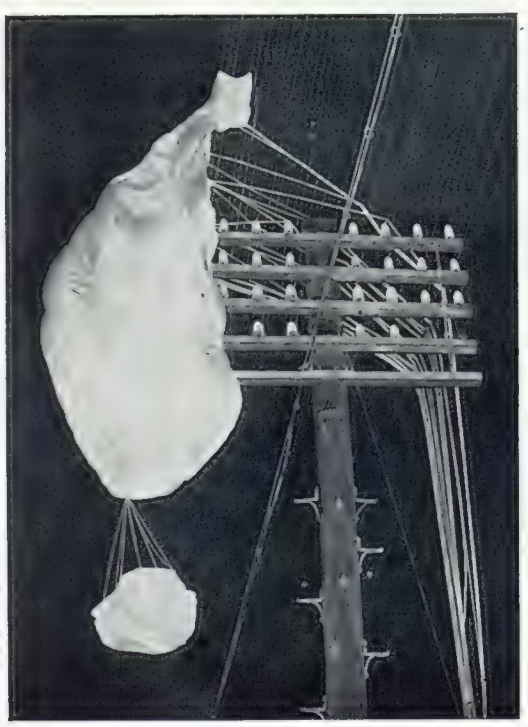
A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION during the recent large scale manœuvres held in the New Territories of Hong Kong colony by the British Defence Force. These territories abut on China and are held by Britain under a ninety-nine year lease granted at the Peking Convention of 1898. The country there is mountainous, rugged and imposing peaks towering above the fertile valleys

BRITAIN'S C.-IN-C.: His Excellency Major-General A. W. Bartholomew, General Officer Commanding British Troops in China, pictured during the January manœuvres in the New Territories of Hong Kong colony. He has had a great burden of responsibility since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war and from the Hong Kong base has superintended the disposition of our defence force stationed in Shanghai. He has also had to look to the welfare of some thousands of European refugees

GRAVE AMID THE MONTANA SNOWS: The wreckage of the North-West Airline passenger plane after it had crashed on Bridger Mountain, taking ten people to their deaths. The machine was making its regular run on the Seattle-Chicago route, and it was some time before the scene of disaster was located

IN TRAGEDY'S WAKE: The U.S. Navy's minesweeper, *Avocet*, which picked up parts of the wreckage of the Pan-American Airways flying-boat, *Samoa Clipper*, after it had crashed into the Pacific, fourteen miles north-west of Pago Pago, Samoa, the seven members of the crew, including Captain Edward Musick, the company's ace aviator, losing their lives. The ill-fated machine was making its second flight on the U.S.A.-New Zealand service which it had itself inaugurated in December of last year

NO ONE WAS HURT when this plane crashed into the front garden of a house in Hove, but it was a big surprise for the inhabitants of Lyndhurst Road. The pilot, Sergeant Ernest Lomax, R.A.F., landed safely by parachute in Beaconsfield Road and, after treatment for shock, returned to his duties



ANOTHER LUCKY ESCAPE: His machine (*left*) was wrecked, but the pilot, 22-year-old Desmond Beauclaire, a pupil at Air Services' training depot at Hamble, emerged unscathed despite the fact that his parachute did not open properly. He fortunately broke his fall on telegraph wires at Locks Heath, near Fareham, Hants, and, after freeing himself, clambered to safety down the post depicted *on right*

AIR LINERS IN SEARCH OF HANGARS

The Hopelessly Overcrowded State of Croydon Air Port Occasioned By the Increased Passenger Traffic

SO great has been the increase of air line traffic to London from the Continent that the Croydon Airport hangars are now crammed to overflowing every night and the airport finds itself quite unable to cater for the demands for hangar space by the companies using the aerodrome. The result is that at night and in inclement weather a number of machines have to be left out in the open, and overhaul to make them fit for next morning's flying has to be done without shelter.

When Croydon airport was built it was thought to provide ample accommodation for any future growth of air traffic. In fact, much adverse criticism was directed at the Air Ministry for building an airport which it was confidently predicted would prove a white elephant. Since then air traffic has grown beyond all expectation so that now every night the hangars are full and some machines must fail to find accommodation.

In addition to the huge air liners of Imperial Airways which are permanently based there, the aircraft of six foreign air lines use the airport, and there are a number of lesser air lines and private charter companies.

Imperial Airways as the principal company based on Croydon rent two hangars, in which their machines are housed and in which overhauls and repairs are carried out. They are inconvenienced by the fact that foreign air liners often have to be given shelter in their hangars.

That the congestion is such that overhauls and inspections often have to be done in the open is highly undesirable. In our winter climate such a state of affairs must make for the discomfort and consequent loss of efficiency of operatives.

In fact one of the air lines, British Airways, merely uses Croydon as a flying base and flies its machines to Gatwick every night for servicing and back to Croydon in the morning before starting the day's work. This must add greatly to running expenses but British Airways will transfer their whole operations to Heston in April so that the inconvenience to that company is only temporary.

But for the other companies there seems to be no alternative to the present rush and scramble for housing. For various reasons Gatwick, which was intended to be an extra terminal airport for London, has not been used as such and now seems destined to continue a meagre existence as an R.A.F. Reserve Training School unless a scheme of extension which has been put forward alters its circumstances.

One of the reasons which militated against the success of Gatwick as a commercial airport was the flooding induced by last winter's heavy rains. This forced the airport's only air line, British Airways, to move its flying operations elsewhere and it eventually decided to establish both ground and flying operations at Heston. Although repairs to the drainage system of the aerodrome surface at Gatwick after last year's flooding have proved effective and the surface has remained in good condition this winter, that decision is final.

Whether Gatwick can be re-established as a commercial terminal airport for London depends on whether proposals which have been laid before the Air Ministry for its extension and improvement find favour. These proposals involve the addition of about 300 acres of land which will allow much greater space for landing and taking off and the provision of concrete runways to obviate the difficulties which might be caused by a waterlogged aerodrome surface. The cost is estimated at £250,000 as against the possible expenditure of £750,000 which the construction of an entirely new airport elsewhere might require.

In the meantime all air traffic for London must use Croydon or Heston. The latter, recently purchased by the Air Ministry, needs extension to cater for modern needs and in any case cannot do much to relieve congestion at Croydon as it is almost entirely concerned with internal traffic and it is the large cross-channel air liners which are causing the congestion at Croydon.

It is true that Imperial Airways and the Southern Railway have planned a new airport for Imperial Airways at Lullingstone in Kent but there is no news of much progress towards its completion and a very considerable time must elapse before it is ready for traffic. Progress has certainly been made towards the purchase by the City Corporation of a site of more than 950 acres at Fairlop, Essex, for a City of London airport estimated to cost a total of £600,000. But although this site is only 12¼ miles from Charing Cross and will be served by the tube railway, it is on the wrong side of London from the point of view of fog and smoke which will be carried over it by the prevailing west and south-west winds. In any case it cannot be available for traffic for many months.

None of these airport schemes therefore are of any help in easing the strain on Croydon which is likely to increase very considerably during the coming months.

There seems to be no immediate solution to the problem other than the erection of more hangars at Croydon and if this is undertaken it will be difficult to find a site for them where they will not obstruct the airport which, even allowing for an extension to the landing area now being made, is far from ideal as regards both size and landing surface.

Even if new hangars were begun now they could not be ready in time to meet the demands of the spring air traffic. Considering that the Ensign type of air liners are now more than a year overdue in delivery to Imperial Airways, owing to the re-armament programme, it is to say the least of it surprising that the shortage of accommodation, certain to be greatly accentuated on their delivery, was not foreseen and steps taken to meet it. As things are, some air liners are condemned to an open-air life for a long time to come.

C. D. Palmer

COURT LIFE IN KANO: THE EMIR RECEIVES

THE EMIR OF KANO: A new portrait of this Nigerian ruler taken by Mr. E. O. Hoppé during a recent visit to the walled city where His Highness lives in regal splendour in a vast palace covering some thirty-three acres. Kano was capital of one of the original seven Hausa States, written annals carrying the record of its rulers back to A.D. 900, and, even to-day, it remains as important as ever from a commercial viewpoint, its weavers producing cloth from native-grown cotton and its leather workers goods that eventually find their way to the world's great markets. The Emir works hand in hand with the British Government, a British resident acting as his adviser, particularly in matters regarding justice and taxation

MODERN MAGNIFICENCE: Since 1903 when Britain began to take a share in the development of Kano, buildings such as this have risen within the eleven-mile perimeter of the city's walls. They blend well with the style of the older structures

THE TELEPHONE IS NO LONGER A NOVELTY IN KANO and the Chief of the Market—a personage of considerable importance—uses this instrument to keep in touch with the palace and announce the arrival and departure of important visitors

PHASES OF FEMININE ADORNMENT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Jewellery and Hairdressing Fashions of the Period Revealed in The Royal Academy Exhibition of European Art

A COIFFURE POPULARISED BY HENRIETTA MARIA, consort of Charles I, worn by Countess Rivers in a portrait by Van Dyck included in the R.A. Exhibition of seventeenth-century art at Burlington House

FLOWERS AND PEARLS DECORATED THE HAIR OF ALL MODISH LADIES during the late 20s and early 30s of the seventeenth century and, as witness this portrait, Rubens' wife provided no exception

SPARKLING JET STONES SET IN GOLD and worn round the neck form a rich adornment in this portrait of Lady Hungerford by Cornelius Johnson. She has a poppy and other flowers in her hair

GARNETS AND PEARLS adorn the gown of Frances Devereux, Marchioness of Hertford. Her curled hair lacks the fringe which was favoured at this time, an intriguing kiss curl appearing in its stead

A STRING OF SMALL PEARLS WOUND ROUND THE BACK HAIR and punctuated by large pear-shaped ones was often seen during the 1630s. The lady, who was painted by Van Dyck, has a blue gown richly adorned

THIS DUTCH LADY OF 1668, as represented by her artist husband Jan de Bray, dressed the knot of her back hair with bunches of ribbon. In one hand she is holding a frame for embroidery work

HAIRDRESSING IN THE STYLE OF THE VERSAILLES COURT: Pieter Borsseler's portrait of a lady in brown, shows the hair arranged after the manner of Louise de Kerouille. Round her throat is a tight necklace. Great pear-shaped earrings adorn her ears

In a recent issue "The Sphere" published certain portraits in the R.A. Exhibition with the object of showing the various quaint styles of footwear of the period, and herewith we follow this up with more details of canvases from the same exhibition that are of particular interest for the manner in which they epitomise hairdressing and jewellery fashions at the same time.

AT first glance this charming selection of seventeenth-century ladies appear to be wearing more than their share of jewellery and precious stones. Gems of all kinds and particularly pearls were very important items for all well-dressed ladies. This apparent extravagance is perhaps more understandable with the realisation that the major part of a girl's marriage portion was invested in jewellery with the reasonable thought in view, that should the necessity arise she might always be able to sell or pawn her valuables.

The single string of pearls at the throat and large pear-shaped earrings were fashionable throughout the century.

Many paintings of this period represent jewellery that probably looks very much more valuable than it was in reality, a great deal of imitation jewellery was worn, including fishes eyes, gilded tin, and coloured glass, and quite obviously these gigantic pear-shaped earrings could not have been real pearls.

A SINGLE GOLD THREAD HOLDS THE JEWELLED CROSS WITH ITS DEW-DROP PEARL, worn at the throat of this richly-attired gentlewoman, painted by Mytens. The pearled diadem or coronet on her head might quite possibly have been a comb of imitation gems

After about 1620 ladies began to make much of their hair, this was curled and crimped, cut and fluffed out either side of the face. Henrietta Maria started this fashion in England.

I. B.

On left—A PRICELESS ARRAY OF PEARLS hang around the corsage of the sitter in Van Dyck's magnificent portrait of "Martha, Countess of Monmouth." The rather charming fashion of fastening one end of the ropes of pearls or other jewels with a rosette of ribbon on to the gown lasted for twenty years or more

SIXTEEN "REGENCY" PAGES AND BRIDESMAIDS

At Lady Patricia Douglas' Marriage to Golfer Count John de Bendern

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Count John de Bendern—better known as John de Forest, former British amateur golf champion—son of Count and Countess Maurice de Bendern of Liechtenstein, leaving Brompton Oratory with his bride, Lady Patricia Douglas, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry and Lady Dunn. The bride carried a magnificent bouquet of lilies of the valley and wore a white satin Empire gown. Accompanying her were sixteen pages and bridesmaids

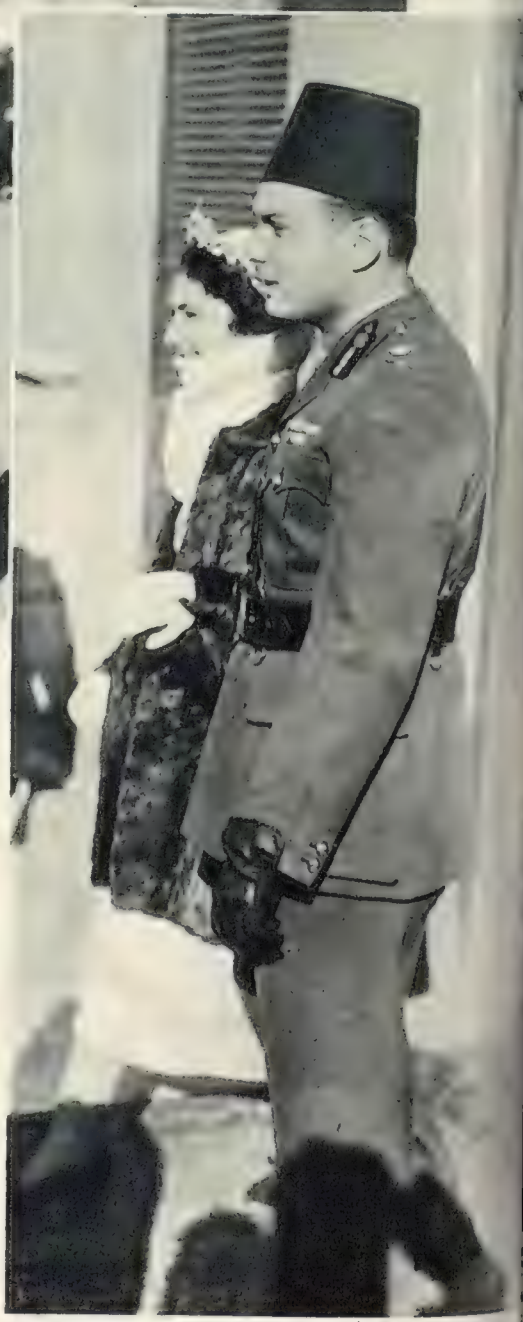
TASSELLED CANES AND BE-FLOWERED WANDS were waved aloft by the sixteen young pages and bridesmaids as Count John de Bendern and Lady Patricia Douglas emerged from the Oratory after their marriage. The youngsters enjoyed themselves thoroughly and, afterwards, when the reception was in progress at Norwich House, they had a party of their own in the nursery with a miniature wedding cake all to themselves

The MARCH *of* YOUTH *in* EGYPT

Scenes During the Royal Wedding Celebration in Cairo

WITH THE STARS AND CRESCENT IN THE VAN these girl guides of modern Egypt paraded before King Farouk and his Queen during the celebrations following the Royal wedding in Cairo. The Egyptian student has not always had a good press, but there is a distinctly younger element which is much to be admired and, to a large extent, takes its lead from the young monarch

On left—
FRONT-PAGE NEWS: For days before the wedding of King Farouk and Queen Farida the newspapers treated of the Royal romance, and copies were eagerly sought by the enthusiastic Cairenes



CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: King Farouk and Queen Farida emerging on to the palace balcony to watch a review of girl guides. Her Majesty, it will be noted, makes only a partial concession to the

Above—'VANTAGE POINT: Cairenes gathered round the base of a monument to watch the procession of flower-decorated cars that was one of the highlights of the wedding celebrations. Not for years have the people had such a chance to indulge their love of pageantry

Below—SYMBOLISING THE NEW EGYPT: Youth parading in gymnastic kit past the palace on being reviewed by King Farouk whose enthusiasm for all outdoor activities has given such an impetus to sport in Egypt

EIGHT KNIGHTS TILTING: A magnificent double-page opening from one of the four coloured manuscripts compiled by Sir Thomas Wriothesley, who was Garter King-of-Arms from 1504 till his death thirty years later. These MSS., so revealing and fascinating in their detail, are now on view at Messrs. Sotheby's where they are to be sold on Monday, February 14, together with many other notable volumes belonging to the Clumber Library of the late 7th Duke of Newcastle

THESE records of the days of the tabard and the tourney, which formed the prized heraldic collection of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter King-of-Arms from 1504 to 1534, and which are now on view in London, are as interesting historically as they are for their artistic merit.

Although executed during the sixteenth century, all the figures bear the undoubted stamp of the fifteenth-century stylists.

The illustrations in book 1,119 are particularly unusual for the period in their rather realistic treatment of the features. That the same three figures recur throughout the volume, bearing shields, is typical of the heraldic insistence upon repetition which excluded the artist from adventures in more original directions.

They are all painted in the somewhat heavy pigments of the time, reds, myrtle-greens, and pinks predominating, but they have probably lost much of their original brilliance.

The gowns, cloaks, and head-dresses were the generally accepted wear for dignified gentlemen between the years 1440 and 1450. The curious hats worn in pictures 1 and 2 reproduced on page 222 were called chaperons or bonnets and were the eventual outcome of the inverted hood of the previous century, the long hanging "typpet" served as both scarf and ornament, and was sometimes wrapped around the chin and tucked into the brim the other side of the face.

The cloak of another figure bears traces of having at one time been gold; gold paint was never applied on the unprepared paper, but over an already heavy coating of some other colour—in this case red.

What colour is lacking in these figures is certainly adequately compensated by the riot of rich and lovely shades introduced in the armorial bearings of the jousting knights. These figures are brilliantly executed, with a lively emphasis on movement and action, without the loss of one particle of the prescribed heraldic traditional mannerisms. Certainly the artists of the time had little or no artistic licence. Their work was very much governed by a convention that sought little contact with nature, and one cannot help but

On left—A KNIGHT AND HIS CHAINED LADY: Another colourful page from one of the Wriothesley manuscripts; a drawing that represents the matrimonial ties between husband and wife and also their heraldic links. While the former positively "bristles with bombastic masculinity," the latter gazes resignedly into space

ARTISTRY IS NOT LACKING of pictures of knights and t an interesting feature of despite the fact that the s and again in accord

RECORDS OF THE DAYS OF THE TABARD AND THE TOURNEY

The Wonderful Series of Wriothesley Manuscripts on View at Sotheby's Prior to their Sale in the Rich Clumber Collection

KNIGHTS IN CHIVALROUS COMBAT: Another double-page opening from one of the four Wriothesley manuscripts which are shortly to be offered for sale. It will be noted that the same figures occur in this portion of the MS. as in that reproduced *on the left*, and they were really used as models on which were emblazoned in their true colours the coats-of-arms of the warriors of the 15th and 16th centuries. Sir Thomas Wriothesley, who made the collection, took part as Garter King-of-Arms in all the chief court ceremonies of his time and it is recorded that he officiated at the jousts held at Tournay in 1513 and was summoned to attend Henry VIII to his meeting with Francis I

the highly colourful series chained ladies that are such Wriothesley manuscripts, formal figures occur again with heraldic convention

admire their skill in combining a feeling of life and movement with so conventionalised a figure.

Again with the knight and his chained spouse the same feeling of power of interpretation presents itself.

The rather bored and miserable lady gazes with resignation into space, whilst her knight positively bristles with bombastic masculinity. These drawings, no doubt, represent the matrimonial ties, and the connecting links of the quarterings on the ladies' garments with the armorial bearings of the knights.

The working drawings of designs for tombs (one of which is illustrated on the next page) are amusingly simple—especially the example which could be cut out and folded into a tiny model—rather like a child's cardboard house. The complete disregard for perspective in the other drawing left much to the imagination of the builder and mason. Obviously an architect's job did not include the necessity to study plans

(*Continued on next page*)

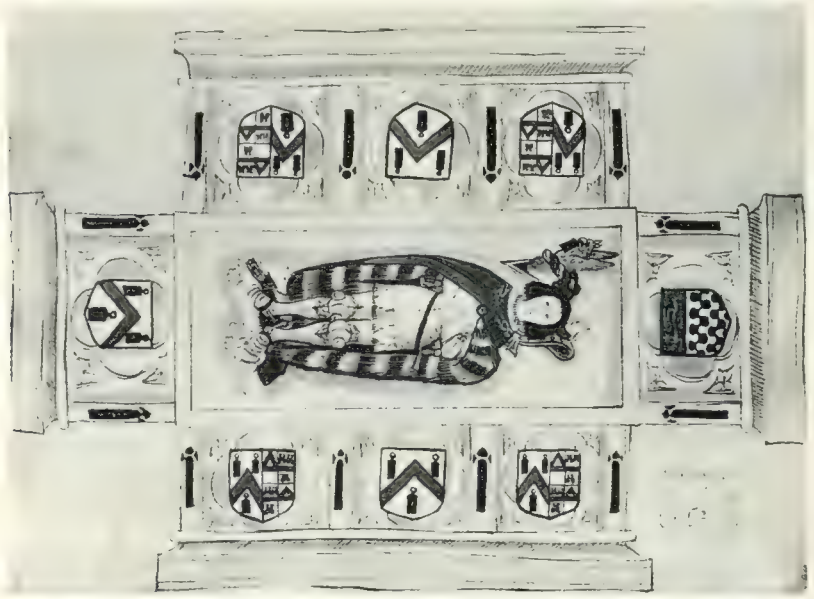
TWO EXAMPLES FROM AN INDEX OF ARMORIAL BEARINGS once in the possession of Sir Thomas Wriothesley. Here again a single figure recurs throughout and only the bearings themselves are different. Sir Thomas was an indefatigable collector of these records which are of such historic value

IN THE DAYS OF THE CHAPERON: Two differing examples of the cap worn up to the sixteenth century by nobles and Knights of the Garter. They appear in the Wriothesley MSS. which, as mentioned on the previous pages, are shortly to be sold by auction at Sotheby's together with other important items in the valuable Clumber library

(Continued from previous page)

and elevations with the exactitude required to-day, such boring details being consigned to the mason.

Perhaps the best workmanship in the collection is to be found in the pennon banners, the details of the separate charges that go to construct the blazon are for the most part finely finished and well drawn. The very sleek and elegant dog (?) on a blue ground with scarlet collar and tongue has an aristocratic dignity that would be difficult to improve upon. It is a great pity that the heraldic efforts of the succeeding centuries did not produce anything with such delightful simplicity, but rather plunged into the more ornate and grotesque designs of German inspiration.



A WORKING DRAWING FOR A TOMB: An illustration from one of the sixteenth-century Wriothesley MSS. which also contains detailed descriptions of important funerals of the period, including those of Ferdinand, King of Aragon (1515), Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (1524), and Thomas Bradbery, Mayor of London (1510)

The Wriothesley Heraldic Miscellanies are interesting not alone from the point of view of illustration, for the text contains many detailed particulars regarding costume in the sixteenth century. Mention, for instance, is made of the ordinances issued by the Court regarding the style of mourning to be affected following the death of the mother of Henry VI. In this connection it is stated:—"Item that the qwene to were a surcott with a trayne before & a nodir behynde and a mantell with a trayne . . . and a playne hode without clockys and a typet at the hode lyyng of a good length on the trayne of the mantell & in brede a nayle & and a ynche and after the furst quarter be past yf hit bee the qwenys plesyr to haue her mantell lyned it must be blacke saten or fyne doble sarcenet and yf hit be furred it must bee with ermyn powderd at her plesir. . . . Item all chamberires shall were hods with clocks and noo maniere of tipett. . . . Item assone as they come to court they to ley away their hods and that aftir the Furst moneth moon to were hods in her betters presens but when they Labour."

ONLY AN ARTIST OF IMAGINATION could have created this striking heraldic dog which appears on one of the many pennons illustrated in colour in the Wriothesley MSS.

A BLACK-A-VISED SHIELD AND CREST: One of the 400 coats reproduced in the *Armorial of English Arms*, also included in the Clumber sale

Saleroom Notes

NORFOLK HOUSE *and the* CLUMBER LIBRARY

Two Features of the February Auctions

THE great event of next week will be the sale of the contents of Norfolk House in St. James's Square. All the beautiful carved and gilded woodwork, the glory of the eighteenth century in England, will be sold, and will be dispersed doubtless among many owners. Only the panelling and ceiling of the music-room will be kept intact, having been presented by the Duke of Norfolk to the Victoria and Albert Museum. A full description of this historic house was given a week or so ago in THE SPHERE, reminding readers that George III had been born in the old house in the inner courtyard when his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was in dire disgrace with his royal parents. So strong was the resentment that George II refused to have anything to do with the baptism of his infant grandson, the service being performed by the rector of St. James's, Piccadilly. So yet another of the birth places of royal personages will disappear, and in its place will arise one of the great towering buildings now becoming common to all parts of the world; with possibly a small plaque registering the interest the site had once possessed.

The pictures from Norfolk House are to be sold at Messrs. Christie's next Friday, the 11th. They are not particularly notable, the most important being the portrait by Rubens of his first wife, Isabella Brant. This picture had been designated in former times as the portrait of Helena Fourmet, but it seems to have been definitely decided now that it was the artist's wife. A picture sale of far greater importance will take place in the same salerooms on February 25, when pictures from the collections of the late Mr. W. B. Chamberlin of Hove, Sussex, and Mrs. George Rasmussen of Palm Beach, Florida, and Klampenborg, Denmark and other owners will be sold. The picture which will arouse the greatest interest is Rembrandt's portrait of his father, painted about 1630, and signed Rembrandt, f. This portrait was bought by the late Mr. Chamberlin's father in 1877 at a sale in Hove, where it was described as "Head of William Tell" being secured for £100.

All Rembrandt's family served him as models, his mother, his wife, his son, and his father are all well known to us from his many sketches and paintings. Here the father, the miller of Leyden, is represented in dark brown doublet, with polished steel gorget, wearing a dark brown cap with large ostrich feather. He has a strong sharp nose and keen ferrety eyes, gazing straight out of the picture.

The portrait of Lord Castlereagh, by Sir Thomas Laurence, was purchased ten years ago at the Holford sale for 4,200 guineas. The picture is of importance not only for the mastery of the painting but also for the subject of the portrait. Castlereagh was a great figure in Napoleonic times when he was the foreign minister at the Congress of Vienna, serving the country well, but much hated at home chiefly for his action against Queen Caroline. He committed suicide in a sudden fit of insanity, and the hatred of the populace was shown by their unfeigned delight at his funeral.

Two pictures by Francisco Goya, that strange, insolent, forceful artist, attract attention. One is of Don Ventura Rodriguez, the architect, who is shown in long grey coat and vest, powdered wig, pointing to a plan held in his left hand. The other is of the Duchess of Alba, that high-born Spanish lady who was so open in her attachment to the peasant-born painter that she was dismissed from court. There are also two sporting pictures by Morland, "Going to the Meet," and "The Death," sold less than three years ago for 1,000 guineas. Another pleasing sporting picture is "The Meet of Sir Thomas Aston Clifford Constable's" at Burton Constable, showing the great house in the background.

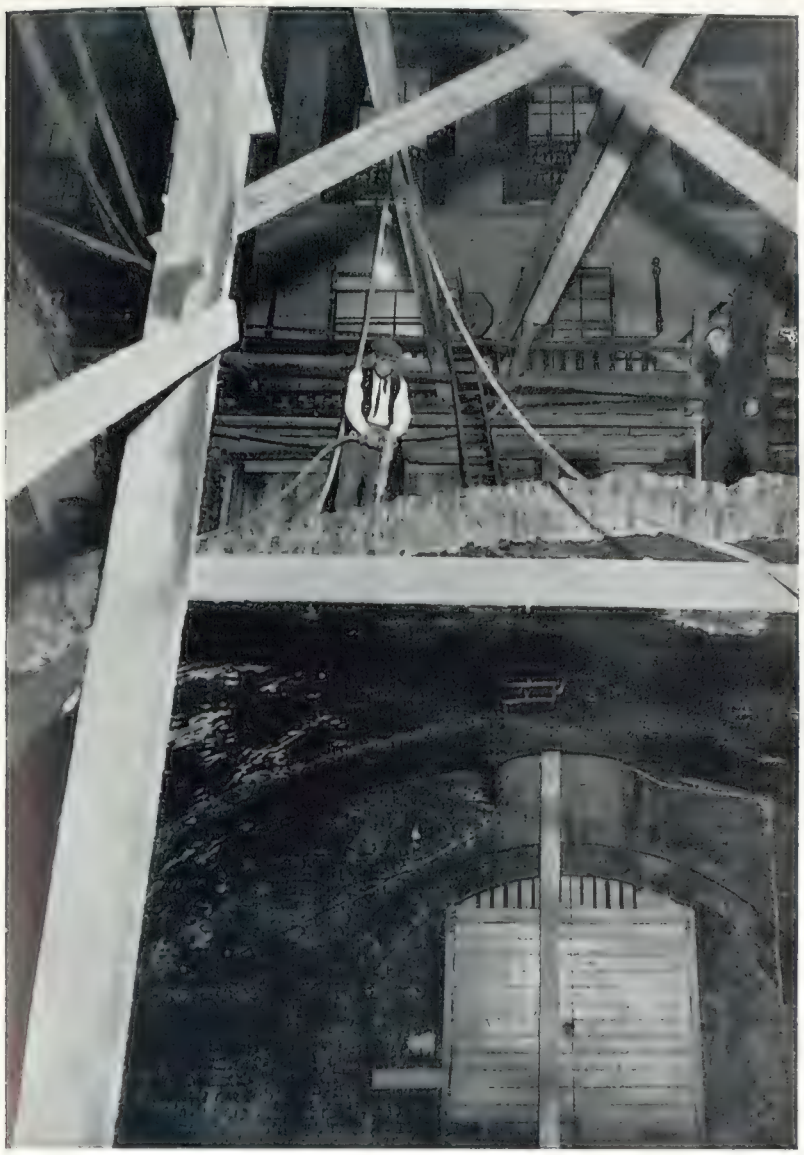
The fourth and final portion of the famous Clumber library, belonging to the late Duke of Newcastle, occupies three days at Sotheby's salerooms on February 14, 15, and 16. It consists largely of manuscript volumes dealing with heraldry, chivalry, and court ceremonial, with many coloured illustrations of armorial bearings, and pictures of knights and ladies in fifteenth and early sixteenth-century dress. One of the most fascinating of these manuscripts is "Le Livre des Tournois" by René d'Anjou, King of Jerusalem, the father of Margaret who married the ill-fated Henry VI of England; René the "Good" was the titular King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, but they were territories over which he had no jurisdiction and he had leisure to devote to poetry and such graceful things as tournaments.

This manuscript has three highly finished pictures, one of them representing a queen handing the champion his prize. Other items of interest and importance include "The Duties of a Gentleman Usher," by John Norris; The Round Table with the names and shields of the Knights; and the Heraldic Miscellanies of Sir Thomas Wriothesley.

B. H.

NIGHT-TIME at the ADELPHI

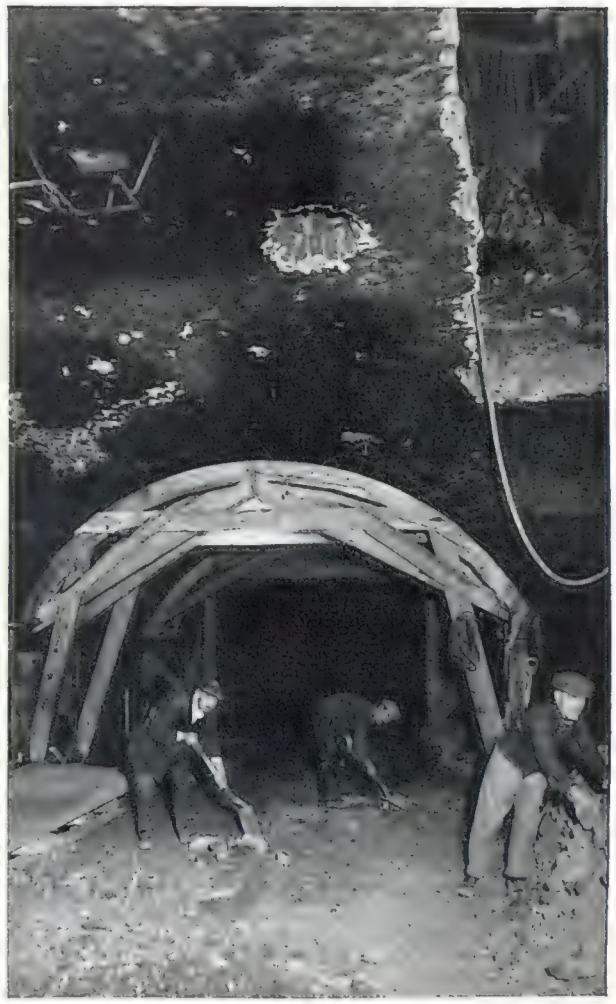
The Renowned Adam Terrace in Process of Transformation



TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF AN ORCHESTRA OF PNEUMATIC DRILLS, PICKS, AND MECHANICAL CONCRETE MIXERS the old Adelphi that London knew is rapidly vanishing and on the site a giant skeleton of steel—framework of a mighty modern building—is equally rapidly taking shape, men working day and night upon the task. Adam St., which once linked the renowned Terrace with the Strand, is a centre of particular activity, for the arches which upheld it are being demolished and will before long be replaced by sturdy concrete foundations. The picture *on the left* was taken looking upward outside the offices of *The Lancet*, the well-known medical journal, and shows one of the vast underground chambers, while the view *above* reveals the present aspect of what was once the roadway. In the background are the towering girders of the block of offices which is expected to be complete by the autumn and on which 5,000 tons of steel have already been utilised

LIVING IN ADAM STREET IS SOMETHING OF AN ORDEAL THESE DAYS: Residents have to approach their houses over wooden bridges spanning the cavity created by the demolition of the roadway and the underground chambers. Pneumatic drills and concrete mixers have been keeping up an almost incessant racket, so much so indeed that occupiers have not only complained of the noise but taken their complaints to court. The contractors claimed that the criticism was exaggerated, but none the less the judge saw fit to restrict temporarily the hours in which drills could be employed

On left—THE STEEL AND CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS taking shape on the Adam Street side of the new building which, when completed, will rival neighbouring Shell-Mex House in bulk. Much of the space is already let to big business houses and the whole of the basement will form what will be one of the largest garages in London



"Sphere" Pictures by William Davis

UNDERNEATH ADAM STREET: Men engaged in cleaning up the debris after a pneumatic drill had been at work on the arches stretching beneath Adam St. They will eventually be replaced by concrete foundations to sustain the road

1838—1938 : THE HENRY

"I HAVE SWORN AN OATH THAT I WILL HAVE MY BOND" Sir Henry Irving in the character of Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. This was one of the great actor's most effective Shakespearean roles, and he invested it with a mordant and saturnine humour that few other players have ever equalled. As a villain he was supreme

HE was not only a great man but a great actor. This is the truth most in need of emphasis at the centenary of the birth of Henry Irving. His greatness as a man is beyond dispute. Who would have prophesied at Keinton Mandeville a hundred years ago the fate in store for little John Henry Brodribb — the Henry Irving of the future— whose father was outside man at the general store in that "God-forsaken little Somerset village." By what magic did this obscure infant become the first actor to receive knighthood as such, the undisputed head of the English stage through thirty splendid years, honoured by two hemispheres, buried in Westminster Abbey, and represented by a statue in one of London's busiest public places.

His greatness as an actor is a different thing. So many young people think they have settled the question by asking what would be thought of Irving as an actor "if he lived now." The answer is a very simple one. We should recognise just as in his own day both his greatness and the mannerisms it overcame. We should have to accept the stamps, the chuckles, the slow utterance, the trailing gait. We should recognise a power of imagination capable of using that gaunt figure, with its straggling limbs, and that labouring speech for creations haunting in their intensity of passion and psychological adventure. It is always to be remembered that Irving won fame, not as the producer of spectacular poetic drama at the Lyceum, nor as a producer at all. He won it as an actor. His Hamlet was presented in front of shabby old scenery. His Digby Grant in *Two Roses* had run for over 300 nights at the Vaudeville before he even started at the Lyceum. It was his reciting of "Eugene Aram" in evening dress at the same theatre that first convinced even his severest critics that the young actor who played eccentric villains so well was a great tragedian.

One of the most significant of all the Irving anecdotes is the visit of "George Eliot" and that fine critic of acting, George Henry Lewes, to see him in *Hunted Down* at the St. James's five years before. It was then that Lewes said Irving would one day be at the head of the English stage. "I think," was "George Eliot's" answer, "he is there already."

Irving as actor could reach extremes of villainy and virtue beyond mediocrity's conception. He could idealise both. Nothing given us since has got near to the personal sublimity of his Becket—in a far inferior play to T. S. Eliot's—or to the ironic dignity of his Shylock, or to the purgative horror of his Mathias in *The Bells*, of his Duboscq in *The Lyons Mail*, and of his death-scene in *Louis XI*. Just as a character-actor he was supreme. The rich, crusted comedy of his Gregory Brewster in *Waterloo* would have

MURDERERS BOTH: *Left*—Irving as Macbeth in the 1875 production and (*right*) as the callous villain, Duboscq, in *The Lyons Mail*, presented in May 1877. He played both these parts at a time when he was adding steadily to the reputation which eventually made him the acknowledged leader of the dramatic profession of his day

THEATRICAL RELIC: These sandals, which will be included in the Irving Centenary Exhibition at the London Museum, were worn by Edmund Kean when he played Brutus. They were later given to Irving

THE COSTUME WORN BY IRVING IN SHAKESPEARE'S "RICHARD III": One of the many interesting items to be included in the Irving Centenary Exhibition at the London Museum

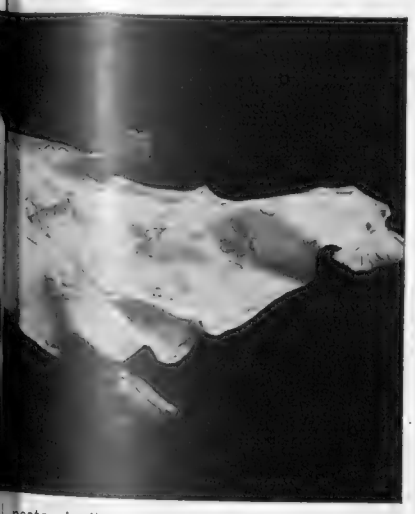
IRVING WAS A SUPERB MEPHISTOPHELES In Will's version of Goethe's *Faust* and this was the costume he wore for the part. The play was a great popular and financial success and the role of Marguerite was taken by Ellen Terry, his stage partner for twenty-four years

MORE LINKS WITH GENIUS: T... title-role of Tennyson's *Bec*... berry design, he used in *Othe*... Museum's forthcoming Centena...

THE PILLARS OF THE LYCE... memory. A picture first publis... after the great man's death. ... in December 1878, by play...

IRVING CENTENARY: *An Appreciation of His Genius*

FOR THE PART OF RICHELIEU: The biretta and robes worn by Irving in the role of the great French Cardinal are also being included in the commemorative exhibition which opens at the London Museum next Monday (February 7)



pectoral silver cross worn by Irving in the and the handkerchief, adorned with a straw. The latter has been lent to the London Exhibition by the Rev. N. Kynaston Gaskell

DRAPED IN BLACK as a tribute to Irving's in *The Sphere* of October 21, 1905 a few days began his management of this theatre Hamlet to the Ophelia of Ellen Terry

made him a classic on its own account. How much there was, too, of picaresque arch-roguery about his Mephistopheles. Yet this and his Becket—saint and devil—had in a curious way the same personality behind the mask.

Granting his greatness as an actor, what everyone thinks of nowadays at the mention of Irving's name is the glamour of high ideals he cast around the Lyceum. It was the Lyceum that drew a whole generation of new play-goers into the theatre out of the smugness of the Victorian world. What was the secret? From what profound spring did those ideals come? To go to Keinton Mandeville is to find that it is not even a pretty village—just quarries and a straight row of stone cottages, in one of which Irving's father and mother had two small rooms as their home. Much more to the purpose was his mother's Cornwall, with its wild coast and Celtic-Phœnician race, and the years he spent with his aunt Sarah Penberthy at Halsetown. They went far, we know, to the making of that romantic vein in Irving's character that was ever after waiting to reveal itself. But how many years of obscure struggle were to come before the fulfilment of those early dreams—dim and vague, and certainly not, at that time, theatrical!

What gave Irving to the stage was the new spirit that came into London's theatrical life with the Act of 1843, abolishing the monopoly of the "patent theatres." It made possible, among much else, Phelps' Shakespearean

AS JINGLE in the dramatised version of the *Pickwick Papers* presented in 1871. Irving gave a very clever interpretation of the character which was in astonishing contrast to his next part, that of "Mathias" in *The Bells*

productions at Sadler's Wells. Just five years later Irving came to London—an impressionable boy of eleven—to live with his father on the top-floor which they occupied as caretakers in Old Broad Street.

A vital incident was his winning the praise of Creswick, the tragedian, for his speech-day performance in *Ion* at the City Commercial School in George Yard. All the rest followed inevitably. We see Irving of the Lyceum already in the stage-struck boy clerk, going night after night to Sadler's Wells, and taking morning lessons from Hoskins of Phelps' company before the day's work began. We see him in the professional neophyte who failed so ignominiously at Sunderland to pronounce his opening line. We see him in the iron-willed stock-company actor, who ploughed his way through 480 parts in two-and-a-half years, and held to his purpose through over a decade more of ill-paid drudgery.

A great story of superb endeavour. But those are wrong who imagine that Irving suddenly took on a new self during his later career, and just seized a happy opportunity in the success of *The Bells* to doff the worsteds of Bill Sikes whom he played at the old Queen's Theatre for the silks of "the fashionable tragedian." The dreams had been there all the time.

S. R. L.

IRVING'S GREATEST ARTISTIC TRIUMPH was achieved in Tennyson's *Becket* in which he appeared for the first time on his fifty-fifth birthday (February 6, 1893) and for the last time a few days before his death in 1905 when he was touring with the piece in the North

TWO NOTABLE EARLY PARTS: Irving as Eugene Aram (*left*), a role he made particularly notable by the remarkable variety and intensity of his expressions. *Right*—As Digby Grant in *The Two Roses* at the Vaudeville Theatre in 1870

"A NOBLE PIECE OF ACTING" was London's verdict of Irving's interpretation of the title role in *Charles I* produced on September 28, 1872. The play ran for 180 nights; for those days a long run

DRAMA GRAVE AND GAY:

TO KNOW ALL IS TO AVENGE ALL is the obsession of Lavinia Mannon who, complex character that she is, commits all those sins of which, for their commission by her mother, she sets herself up as judge. This part in Eugene O'Neill's drama, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, which was recently presented at the New Theatre, is played by Beatrix Lehmann with an unfaltering intensity in tune with the tragic theme

PERSONIFYING CLYTEMNESTRA: Laura Cowie as Mrs. Mannon and Reginald Tate as her lover Captain Brant who aids and abets her in her plan to murder her husband. Their brilliant acting is one of the outstanding features of *Mourning Becomes Electra*

IT has been said with solemnity on many occasions that the British people are almost impervious to satire and that in so far as it has been known to penetrate their thick skins at all they dislike it.

Like most solemn assertions that is profoundly untrue. Mr. Bernard Shaw would be a poor man instead of a rich one if it were not. Our skins are not thick. They are readily penetrated by any satirical shaft and, what is more, we enjoy the process, particularly if a non-English hand is responsible for it. What would Mr. Shaw and others do if it were a fact and not just an erroneous supposition that the English have no sense of humour? And what would happen if in this case the positions were reversed and an English satirist poked fun at Ireland? The broth-of-a-bhoy and jolly-Irish-fun business would disappear before one could say "Up, De Valera". The Irishman's sense of humour vanishes instantly when the laugh is against him, particularly if he be a political Irishman, which may be why politics are taken so seriously in what we must, it seems, now call Eire.

Which brings me to my point—that Ben Jonson's superb play *Volpone* has *not* been banished from the London stage for more than a century and a half (save for special and private performances) because it is a masterpiece of satire. Not for a moment will I believe those recently expounded theories that its castigation of greed, duplicity, and evil cunning has kept it on the shelf because those are peculiarly English vices (which they are not) and because no decent, or indecent, English playgoer could bear to be reminded of them. There may be many reasons for its banishment, but that is not one. That if ever there can be a downright unpleasant play this is one, and that the presentation of it is an extremely difficult job form far more likely explanations. More likely still is it that, except by Sabbath breaking societies, it had been forgotten if, indeed, it was not altogether *terra incognita* until Zweig's activities and some successful productions in, of all places, Paris, were widely discussed.

Whatever prompted the revival of *Volpone* at the Westminster we can be well and truly grateful for it. Not all of the play is there and some characters, including Sir Politick, have gone completely, doubtless because it was considered unwise to risk at the Westminster a successor to *Mourning Becomes Electra* of equal or even of greater length. But the excisions have been made wisely and, as an entertainment, the play is the better for them.

THE TOMB-LIKE HOUSE OF THE MANNONS that provides a sombre and recurring setting in Eugene O'Neill's version of the Greek story of the House of Atreus. The place has rather the appearance of a pagan temple

It is indeed an evil business. Foxiness is not a pleasant quality; human foxiness, allied to well-nigh every nasty escapade from attempted murder to attempted rape, would be intolerable as a spectacle when served up by a dramatist of lesser calibre than Ben Jonson.

A husband forcing his wife to commit adultery so that he may become the heir of the adulterer; a device,

Drawings by Percy Home

Above—THE DENUNCIATION: In the room where General Mannon lies dead, his daughter Lavinia (Beatrix Lehmann; right) denounces her mother (Laura Cowie) in the presence of her brother Orin (Robert Harris). Another dramatic scene from *Mourning Becomes Electra*. *On left*—DAWNING SUSPICION: The ill-fated General lights the candle by the bedside and calls to his wife to know why she has crept out of bed so quietly

The Revival of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" an Event in the Theatrical World

—By Philip Page

brandished for all to see, by which medieval wives had, willy-nilly, to be faithful to medieval husbands, and various words and phrases which, though indisputably classical, could certainly not be quoted in these chaste columns, must have the stamp of genius in their treatment and application.

The genius of Jonson lies both in his power and directness as a master of a dramatic situation and in his glorious poetry. Many playwrights of the period, other than Shakespeare, dished up horrors and coarseness apparently for the sake of being horrible and coarse; at least they never added anything by way of balance. Jonson is not one of these. His language is sometimes almost too rich in lovely imagery; his thoughts are overdressed, even as Volpone himself with his furs and jewels was overdressed. That, however, is the only fault and the super-lavish feast is not really difficult to digest.

The Westminster production struck me as precisely right—good to look upon, with a nightmarish touch of evil expressed particularly in Volpone's trio of clowns and in the incidental music, with its crabbed and satanic wood-wind discordances. One was never allowed to forget that this is a comedy, though a grimly cynical one. Mr. Donald Wolfit made Volpone dignified in his ill-doing, a handsome rogue. Here is an actor of real tragic force, but with plenty of comedy up his sleeve. His impersonation of a quack doctor made a welcome farcical interlude; it also made one realise that the cheap-jack language of 1605 is startlingly like the medical advertisements of 1938, though why Mr. Wolfit spoke it as if he had just reached Venice from Bradford I cannot imagine.

Admirable, too, was Mr. Alan Wheatley's Mosca, the loathsome embodiment of the treacherous servant of the period, as smug as he was graceful. Mr. Stanley Rathbury and Mr. Mark Dignam gave more than convincing examples of, respectively, senile and middle-aged cupidity, and Mr. Raymond Lovell, as the afore-mentioned husband, was even more foul, by which I mean that he gave an excellent performance.

Whether by accident or design, the usher in the trial scene bore such a resemblance to Sir Henry Irving that as he stood, black clad and silent, I bethought me of ghosts. It would have been a timely manifestation. For Irving surely would have approved of the work of the company at the Westminster.

Revue at the Little Theatre.—With the not unreasonable conviction that a revue entitled *Nine Sharp* would probably start at nine o'clock or thereabouts, I reached the Little Theatre at 8.55 to find myself just on an hour late, the curtain having risen (for that night only) at eight. The result was that I missed a good deal of the first part, which was a loss.

For if the show did not start at nine it was undoubtedly sharp. Mr. Herbert Farjeon has just that acute type of mind for the *revue intime*, and his wit cuts like a knife. Very rarely is the edge of it blunted and that is only when it is up against a topic of rock-like hardness which does not admit of burlesque at all.

An instance of this (and there is only one instance of it) was the burlesque—or shall I say satirical treatment?—of a Hollywood funeral. To laugh at death has always been considered the mark of a brave man; to expect one to laugh at death on the stage possibly needs even more courage. For death is death, even in Hollywood with all its absurdities, and in this poking of fun at the elaborate obsequies of a film star I found myself thinking of Jean Harlow. As this is the type of reaction likely to occur far more widely, I suggest that the whole episode should be deleted from a revue in other respects as near perfection as I hope to find one.

Mr. Farjeon is wise in not forcing matters. He shows us a scene from one of those non-stop revues which seek popularity in London by aping Paris. This is brilliantly funny, with its yelping chorus girls, its French historical characters talking honest gorblimey, and its absurdly heroic *poilu*. Strange that many people who laughed so roundly at this should watch the originals in absolute solemnity, for there is but little to choose between the two, and the reproduction has been made almost without exaggeration. Miss Hermione Baddeley was deliciously absurd as the *chanteuse*, and, indeed, in everything she did. She has never been in better form. Of all the comic Bergners in and out of revue hers is surely the funniest.

A really diverting revue this, to which that over-worked adjective "sophisticated" must inevitably be applied.

Special SPHERE *picture by A. Consolo*

"GOING GREEK" GOING STRONG AT THE GAIETY: Pallas Pollicapillos (Fred Emney), alias Pally, a bandit by trade, with the chorus of Firth Shephard's musical show which continues to play to packed houses

"The Innocent Party."—Oscar Wilde, in one of his St. James's Theatre comedies, made a character describe a remark as being "perfectly phrased and quite as true as any remark in civilised society ever need be." That might serve as a description of *The Innocent Party*, by H. M. Harwood and Laurence Kirk, also at the St. James's Theatre. A more perfectly phrased play I have seldom known. Some of the remarks are true and witty, some not so true and not so witty, and some neither true nor witty; but all are elegantly balanced, and Mr. Cecil Parker, as phrase-deliverer-in-chief, gives an air of distinction to everything he utters, for few actors can play the part of an amusing cynic with such distinction.

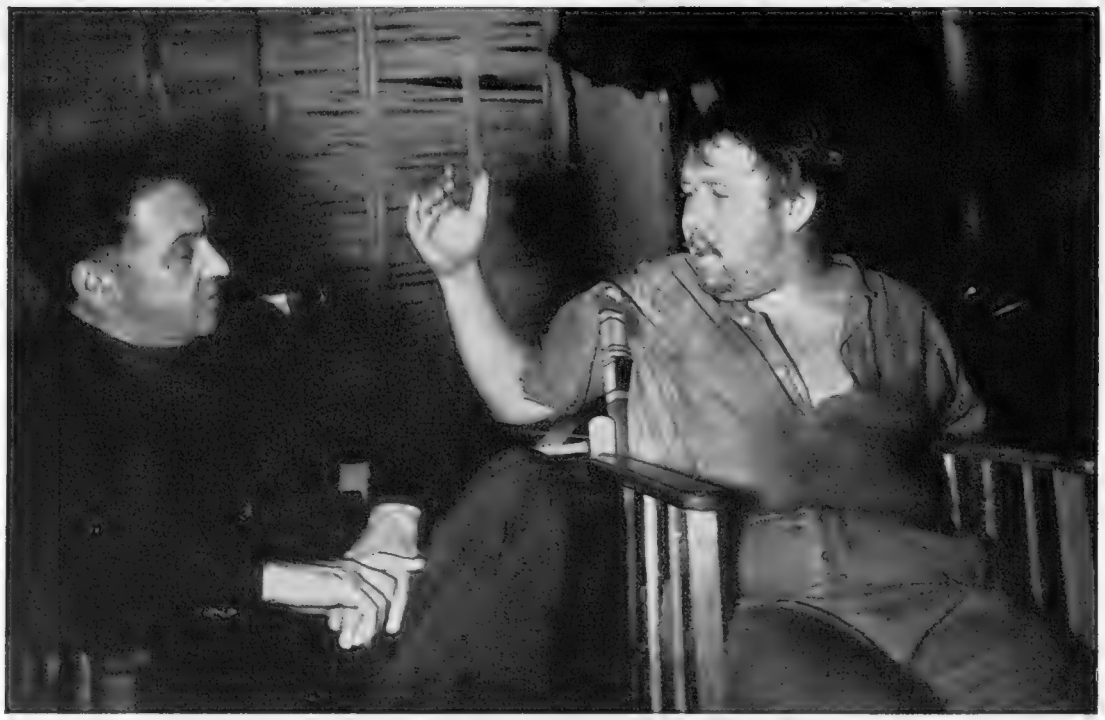
For myself, I find amusing cynics a little trying as stage characters; they are old, old friends who have worn their welcome.

It has not much else on which to rely, for it is rather a thin little joke based on the utterly unbelievable notion that a woman, bored with her husband, should suggest that the pair of them, together with the wife's potential lover, should spend a week-end together in the same house so that she can find out "which of them needs her most." A fourth, and very forthright, party is introduced in the person of pretty Miss Elizabeth Allan who livens things up as a pert stenographer, positively glowing with innocence and eventually pairing off, it seems, with a Left Wing chauffeur. Miss Allan has the expert comedy touch.

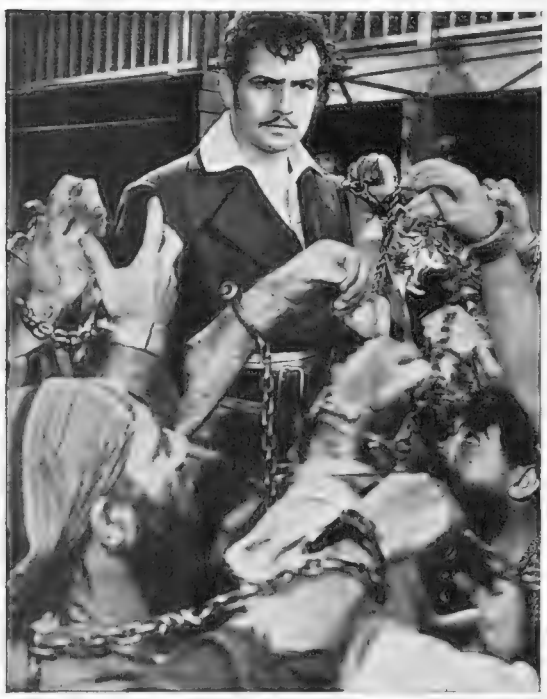
The task of Miss Mary Ellis was to convince us that she really loved her husband, Mr. Parker, but that her Latin blood—she was a Peruvian or something of the sort—was exasperated by his cold epigrams. It was not an easy task, but Miss Ellis grappled with it fairly successfully and in the dusk, as the final curtain fell, was rewarded by a remark from the duly melted husband which would have made the St. James's patrons of the 'nineties leap in their stalls.

TWO BANDITS OUT TO REDEEM THEIR FORTUNES: Pallas Pollicapillos (Pally) and Alexandros Saggapopolous (Ally). Fred Emney and Leslie Henson in a scene from *Going Greek*, that bright musical comedy at the Gaiety. The admirably painted scenery creates an extraordinary sense of actuality, as evidenced above

"HOROSCOPE"—THE LATEST VIC-WELLS BALLET: Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes as the star-crossed lovers in this new piece composed by Constant Lambert and with choreography by Frederick Ashton



ERICH POMMER AND CHARLES LAUGHTON ON THE SET during the filming of *Vessel of Wrath*, the screen version of a Somerset Maugham story, which the former has produced and in which the latter plays the role of a beachcomber. The association of these two outstanding screen personalities is quite an event in film history and there is bound to be a bumper audience at the world première on February 24



A NEW CECIL B. DE MILLE SPECTACLE: That indefatigable producer of lavish screen dramas has lately completed *The Buccaneer*—the story of Jean Lafitte, pirate and patriot whose name is recorded in history by the help he gave in the heroic and successful defence of New Orleans against the British in the war of 1812. The film came to the Carlton on February 1 and stars Fredric March (*left*), who plays the part of Lafitte, and Francesca Gaal (*above*), a new Hollywood discovery hailing from Hungary

DRAMA IN THE SOUTH SEAS: Jon Hall as Teranji, the hero, and Dorothy Lamour as Marama, the heroine, in Samuel Goldwyn's latest film *The Hurricane*, now showing at the new Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square. It is a first-rate story, as many who have read the serial version can testify, and was written for the screen by the authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. The big moment in the picture is the hurricane which sweeps across the Pacific islet destroying everything in its path. The inhabitants, as depicted above, have to take refuge in the trees, and even some of these are uprooted when the storm reaches its peak

Film Notes

TROPIC ISLES AND TOWERING PEAKS

Provide the Settings for Some New and Powerfully Dramatic Pictures

SOME excellent pictures will shortly be seen in the West End theatres. Some of them emanating from Hollywood and others from English studios. There is to be a gala première at the Regal on February 24 of the *Vessel of Wrath*, the Somerset Maugham story which has been produced by Erich Pommer, affording a splendid character part for Charles Laughton as the Beachcomber. This is the first film under the combined association of Laughton with Erich Pommer as producers, and is consequently anticipated with special interest. The money from the première is to be entirely devoted to the Actors Orphanage which must be excitedly awaiting a large cheque. Another film of particular interest is *The Challenge*, which tells the epic story of Whymper's ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865. His success in reaching the summit of what had hitherto been regarded as an inaccessible peak, was marred by the deaths of his three companions, one of them being Lord Francis Douglas. Only the recovery of the broken rope removed unpleasant suspicion from Whymper.

The whole of the scenes on the Alps have been taken on the spot and are, as Robert Douglas who takes the part of Whymper, says "one hundred per cent. authentic." Douglas insisted on doing all the climbing himself, no "doubling" for him, and in consequence he endured all the severities as well as the joys of actual mountaineering. At one time he was hanging over a sheer drop, held up by ropes under his arms. All the players returned blackened by the sun, bruised all over, and with their hands torn by holding on to jagged rocks.

The direction of the Swiss part of the film was undertaken by the experienced guide, Luis Trenker, who himself takes the part of Carell, who in real life had been Whymper's rival, eager to be the first up the Matterhorn. All the interior scenes have been taken at Denham, where painted back-cloths of gorgeous mountain scenery have served for the "real" thing, being only needed for peeps through windows.

Mountain scenery is also appearing in *The Drum*, but instead of the snowy ranges of the Alps the nearer mountains of North Wales have been the scene of action. They have many resemblances to the district about Chitral on the north-west frontier of India, and have therefore been used for the story by A. E. W. Mason of that troublous borderland. A camp of 500 men took up residence on the hillside, a good number being Indians, and every day they climbed 1,000 ft. up the steep, rocky sides for the work of "shooting" the exciting incidents. All the background photography had been taken in India under special permission from the Indian Government. The story concerns a British Residency at Tokot, which is attacked by angry tribesmen, and which is only saved by the courage of Prince Safeyd, a friend of the Resident, who carries the news to the British headquarters in time to save Tokot from falling to the rebels. Sabu plays the part of the young Prince, while Raymond Massey, Francis Sullivan, Valerie Hobson, and Desmond Tester are in support. This is a Technicolor picture.

Two Hollywood productions promise great spectacles—*The Buccaneer* produced with all the magnificence one is accustomed to expect from Mr. Cecil de Mille—and *The Hurricane*, produced by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn featuring a storm of awful splendour. *The Buccaneer* deals with one of those privateers turned pirate, so attractive in romance if not in real life. The story has some historical background for it is concerned with the actual battle of New Orleans, during the war of 1812, when the British were attacking the town and were beaten off by General Andrew Jackson who afterwards became the seventh President of the United States. Lafitte, the pirate, the scourge of the Caribbean, goes to the assistance of Jackson, and so brings some patriotism into his wild and reckless life. All the usual accompaniments of piracy are to be seen, fierce buccaneers; prisoners walking the plank; lovely captives; paddling up lagoons; beautiful seashore scenes, and a terrific struggle with British redcoats. This Paramount picture, which has taken many months of preparation, opened at the Carlton on February 1.

The Hurricane, now to be seen at the Odeon, Leicester Square, deals with an island of the South Seas, some 600 miles from Tahiti. Mr. Goldwyn had intended to carry out the filming of the entire production *in situ*, but it was not found possible to carry special equipment so far away, so all the scenes have been cast in Hollywood in most realistic surroundings. The island village with its huts, a wide lagoon, a church, Government residency, landing pier, cover acres of the studio ground. The story was written by the authors of *The Mutiny on the Bounty* and was much appreciated by the readers of *The Evening Standard* and *The Saturday Evening*

(Continued on page 232)

LONDON PRE-VIEW

British Designers Launch The Hour-Glass Silhouette, The Patch-Work Suit, and Boleros

Busvine's bold and magnificently tailored suit in dark brown, light brown, and beige shaded stripes, the curved waist stressed by horizontal insets

An ink-blue jacket with plaid empiecements and a centre-back plaid panel to match the skirt, worn with a straight spice coloured coat impeccably designed. By Lachasse

● Field flowers bewitchingly trim Aage Tharrup's most sophisticated hats, for he is featuring pink and deep red clover (worn with the new Cyclax clover make-up), and clover greens. He likes bags that complete the scheme of his hats. For instance, a large black felt hat with clover clustered at the front, is accompanied by a bag that has a posy of clover with handles formed from long green stalks. Here is his pink felt Breton covered with black net, and a black gros-grain hat trimmed with red rosebuds and a coarse green veil

The hour-glass silhouette makes its evening appearance in company with moulded sheaths that break into easy draped fullness at the hem. Here is Victor Stiebel's exquisite pearl-grey slipper satin dress with its boned, strapless bodice lavishly trimmed with tiny apples and with apple blossom. The flower bracelet and the pink and green funnel-shaped veils hanging from a wreath of flowers pinned at the back of the head are charming conceits

● ●

BRITISH designers, giving a collective dress show for the benefit of American buyers, proved that English tailoring and English workmanship need fear no comparison. Very wisely, they concentrated mainly on suits and coats. There is a tendency for jackets to grow longer, as in the two suits sketched on this page, though Digby Morton remains faithful to his exaggeratedly short coat that just touches the hip-bone, and Glenny is particularly partial to boleros. Suits have contrasting jackets and skirts, with bold stripes, chalk stripes, and checks and plaids of every size leading the way.

Many of them have contrasting coloured yokes and sleeves which match the skirt, others have a boldly-patterned plaid front and revers on a plain coat and skirt, and the majority of them have contrasting insets introducing a second material or a second colour. The general feeling was for waisted overcoats, flared, with most of the fullness concentrated at the back. Slate blue, pink, deep reds, and grey were leading colours.

There were two main evening silhouettes. The one shown in Victor Stiebel's dress, and another which moulds the figure closely, broken either by an enormous bunch of flowers reaching across the corsage to the waist, or by rucked draperies around the diaphragm waist, and hips, or continuing practically unbroken to the hem, which is caught up and set into a central plaque to give a lifted line at the front.

ONCE ROTTEN WITH DECAY, TO-DAY A SHOWPLACE: The beautiful white-walled, tiled house in Antigua, Guatemala, which was discovered in the 1920s by Mr. Wilson Popenoe, an American botanist, and has now been completely restored. Its wonders form the subject of a delightful book, entitled *The House in Antigua*, written by a friend of the owner. It is published by Gollancz and reviewed on this page

THE IMPRESSIVE METAL-STUDDED DOORWAY of the restored Central American house which has inspired Louis Adamic to write his best selling book entitled *The House in Antigua*

THE MAIN BEDROOM of the house is a model of simplicity, but what furniture there is is of a character that blends magnificently with the atmosphere and aspect of the place

THE KITCHEN: Another charming room in the old house

"THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA"

A Guatemala Home Inspires an American Author to Write a Book About it

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

RONALD ADAM WRITES OF THE THEATRE

And Gives Many a Revealing Glimpse of the Embassy Venture's Struggle to Success

By VERNON FANE

THERE are several ways of writing about the theatre. There is, rather obviously, the dramatic way, which is also the traditional one, of clowns laughing with breaking hearts and dying actors struggling on to the stage because "the show must go on." To digress a moment, that is an attitude I have never been able to understand. Why must it? for one thing. And, for another, what are understudies for? Or does the well-known aversion from having an understudy play one's part prove stronger than illness, tragedy, and influenza? All these queries in spite of the fact that I recognise the real courage that is often needed to get through a performance in such circumstances. All I am questioning is the expediency of the sacrifice.

Next there is the wistful "it-was-all-so-different-in-Irving's-day" angle, with sidelights on the Gaiety and the Floradora sextette. The third most popular is the purely personal approach, narrowed down to a list of roles played and punctuated with a good deal of mock-modest "puffing."

There remained to be written the honestly informative book, or practical man's guide to the theatre. In the second part of his autobiographical book, Mr. Ronald Adam supplies just this deficiency. **OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) deals candidly, though not at length, with Mr. Adam's youth, and much more fully, since he has obviously decided that it is of more general interest, with his management of the Embassy Theatre, which began in 1932 and still progresses with great vigour and freshness.

When Mr. Adam took over the Embassy Theatre he had many difficulties to contend with, and very few assets beyond immense enthusiasm and a real devotion to the work that might be accomplished in an intelligently run theatre. Certainly money was not one of the assets and, as he puts it himself, "Michael Egan (his publicity manager) and I wandered about the cold Embassy or padded through the streets of London" struggling to save the theatre from the threat of a cinema syndicate, and to raise enough money to make an adequate start.

At first, since he frankly lacked the confidence to attack new plays, they staged three good revivals. Later this policy was alternated with productions of new plays by young writers, by foreign playwrights, or by novelists who were venturing in the theatre for the first time. Some of these were great successes, were bought for West End theatres, and then faded into insignificance. Others, starting with the same degree of acclaim, settled down into well-established successes and ran a year or more. *Ten Minute Alibi* is the chief example of this happy ending, since it ran, I believe, for nearly two years after its Embassy debut.

Some of the plays Mr. Adam produced became famous, like *Judgment Day*, and some were the kind "which people say they hear is excellent, but which they do not go to see". At the moment of writing his book Mr. Adam is undecided about the future of his theatre. "It is a venture which has to be stimulated over and over again with new publicity and new enthusiasm. Maybe it has reached its peak and must inevitably decline . . . . . It has, I think, proved of benefit to the theatre world . . . . . It has found new authors and new artistes. It has provided some twenty-eight plays in the West End in five years . . . . . In later years the highest wage paid to any employee has been six pounds per week and, heaven knows, they have worked for it."

On theatres themselves, on actors, on critics, on authors and authors' agreements Mr. Adam has much that is new, lively, and cogent to say, not the least welcome of which is his dictum that "a number of theatres smell". Acting, he says, has been going steadily downhill for the last fifteen years. "I think the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, the late Sir Charles Hawtrey and A. E. Matthews, set a standard of perfection in naturalism that has been the downfall of many people since. Those men exploited their naturalistic acting to the *n*th degree of dramatic art, and the flap doodlers who came afterwards thought that all they had to do was to move about easily and talk to themselves."

On the Entertainments Duty, or rather prompted by the thought of it, he writes "Managers . . . have marched in a body, albeit considerably out of step, to the House of Commons and in long, long speeches have evinced their crass ignorance of finance." So much for managers, it would seem, though later Mr. Adam throws them a sympathetic life line and puts them down, kindly, as supreme individualists.

All in all it is a stimulating book to anyone who has an interest in the current theatre, whether it be a professional interest or confined to ringing up for two stalls for "that thing at the Embassy." Mr. Adam decries any talent that he may have either for acting, managing, or play-reading, though he admits that in the last activity his "mental theatre" gives him some advantage. There are two excellent reasons why I am going to recommend this book. One is its indisputable (and, for its type, unexpected) commonsense, and the other is the evident and very winning enthusiasm which pervades it.

Miss Amelia Earhart had at least one thing in common with her fellow aviator Colonel Lindbergh, and that was the power of evoking immediate and genuine popular enthusiasm. This quality of hers had nothing to do with publicity, and it is doubtful whether she herself would have admitted possessing it, but it was as essential a part of her as her shock of brown hair or her long-legged boy-like figure. It was proved beyond doubt last summer when her disappearance during a trans-Pacific flight was a matter of daily growing concern to hundreds of thousands of people who could never have seen her.

She was a born pilot. That is the opinion of flying men whose tracks have crossed hers in any part of the world. She loved flying for its own sake, and before one of her most dangerous flights she wrote this letter to her husband. "Please know that I am quite aware of the hazards of the trip. I want to do it because I want to do it. Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail their failure must be but a challenge to others."

Miss Earhart kept a diary during her flights, and from one of these her husband, Mr. G. P. Putnam, has compiled **LAST FLIGHT** (Harrap. 9s.), the account of her ill-fated journey round the world from west to east, which was fated to end on the last lap. Nearly all of this is written by the air-woman herself; it has been found necessary to supplement very little, and the result is a simple, modest, almost light-hearted story of day to day dangers and adventures, and some of the beauties of the lands she glimpsed.

In its way it is a little epic, though never designed to be read as one, and consistently understated.

Aviation was Miss Earhart's inspiration, for women and for more and more people, hitherto not air-minded. As she wrote herself, "I was full of missionary zeal for the cause of aviation." Her death is a memorial to that cause.

In 1773 a beautiful Spanish city in Guatemala was three-fourths destroyed by a violent earthquake. Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala with its convents, its cathedral, and its great houses was to all intents and purposes a vast heap of ruins, as completely overwhelmed in a way as Pompeii, and destined to remain in that state for over 100 years. The natives who stayed on in the town were Indians, and their living conditions were unbelievably primitive. Many families crowded together in the palaces and churches and men made the Jesuit monastery into a market place. As for the neighbouring sacristy it provided excellent shelter for a manufacturer of soap.

In the 1920s an American botanist, Mr. Wilson Popenoe, whose work took him often to Guatemala, discovered in the old, half-ruined city that was now known as Antigua, a fine old house rotten with decay, its patios choked and buried under the rubble of 100 years, and populated by innumerable Indian families. The house appealed to him strongly, even with the faint traces of beauty which was all that was left to it, and some years later Mr. Popenoe was able to buy it and to start on the long, slow, infinitely painstaking work of restoring it.

To-day it is the show place of the city, to those lucky enough to have Mr. Popenoe's personal permission to visit it. Now it happened that a distinguished writer had heard of the house while in New York and, since his stay there coincided with one of Mr. Popenoe's flying visits, he obtained that permission and set out for Guatemala. Later he was to know, not only the house, but its owner well, and with equal affection, and in **THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA** (Gollancz. 15s.) he writes of them both.

Unlike many books of discovery which are saved from mediocrity nowadays by remarkable Leica photographs, Mr. Louis Adamic's book is of such a quality that it might almost have dispensed with photographs altogether. The old house lives in his description so that by the time the little portfolio of photographs is reached one is almost familiar with their subject.

I am not going to try to emulate Mr. Adamic's feat in trying to convey the charm of those dignified rooms and empty, arched cloisters, but I will suggest it as reading for anyone who shares my passion for what is so dully called "domestic architecture," and, more generally, for anyone who appreciates a simple little chronicle of beauty.

This England . . .

A Cheviot farm in Redesdale — Northumberland

IN farmhouse and in hall did our fathers once brew their beer—and much of it was poor. In towns, "brewers for sale" and "butt-women" did oft-times worse. Only the monastery beer was of good repute, for here cleanliness was a rule of life and the craft unhurried (since they brewed not for profit). So when the Dissolution cast these brewer-monks upon the world, they brought their methods to foundations of another sort. The Abbots and the Abbey wells of Burton, between them had already brewed a famous ale since 1295, and here the craft suffered not by the change. And so to your Worthington — drawing the wonderful water from its private wells, following the old, unhurried scrupulously careful ways — masters, the greatest English beer is still a-brewing.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

ITALY IN ABYSSINIA (Continued from page 211)

On the other hand the permanent officials, who were concerned primarily with preserving British democracy from the menace of Prussian dictatorship, were backed up by Fascist-minded people, whose admiration for Hitler and Mussolini was the measure of their contempt for the League "of old women" who presumed to oppo-e these super-men. These in turn discovered even stranger bed-fellows in the 100 per cent. pacifists who disapproved of Mussolini, but were still more strongly opposed to war.

Another example of unnatural promiscuity, practised in the opposite camp, was the sympathy which many members of the fighting services now began to evince for the League of Nations. This sentiment in most cases had a purely professional explanation: it originated in scepticism of Italian military prowess and technical efficiency.

During the summer of 1935 these various currents of opinion, swollen, and with strength increased by prolonged public controversy, met and mixed in a confused welter of voices, where the shrill shrieks of Liberals and Socialists mingled with the deep bray of clubmen, the discreet murmurings of financiers, and the sonorous declamations of the clergy. Seldom in their history have the British nation plunged so passionately into a debate, whose issue, after all, only affected them indirectly. The battle was carried on in private as well as publicly; it waged over dinner tables with the same heat as on platforms and in the columns of the Press; it fought its way into every home and divided husband from wife, children from parents. It drove a rift between old friends and raised insoluble problems for hostesses. Like the discussion of the King's abdication, but for much longer, it was a topic from which there was no possibility of escape.

It was not the first time that the English had become inflamed over an international question of no direct concern to themselves. A similar clamour had been raised for the Greeks, the Danes, and the Armenians, when these people were threatened with the fate which now was about to overtake Abyssinia. But in the case of Abyssinia the feeling aroused was not merely one of indignation at the thought of a small country being cynically devoured by a larger. There was also alarm and resentment because the whole structure of international order, on which the British public had been taught to depend for peace, was in danger of total collapse. The very fact that its foundations were notoriously shaky aggravated the offence of Italy, who was now preparing to expose their flimsiness, and made believers in the League more determined than ever to show that the system was sound. For those who considered Geneva a farce, on the other hand, here was a splendid opportunity of demonstrating their thesis conclusively.

The war preparations of Italy, writes Mr. Martelli in another part of his book, combined with the ever more frantic appeals of Abyssinia and the consistent deafness to them of the League, had aroused public opinion to two realisations. The first was that not only Abyssinia but the survival of the League were in deadly danger; and the second, that the British Government had not yet decided to fight for either. There were just three months

HER ORDEAL OVER: The Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid walking out to the plane at Croydon last Saturday when she left London by air for Switzerland after the settlement of the law-suit brought against her by her husband, Captain A. S. Cunningham-Reid, M.P. for Marylebone. The case was settled out of Court, the veil thus falling on a strange story of moneyed matrimony

in which to bring the necessary influence to bear, and it must be admitted that during that short period no stone was left unturned to induce the Government to follow the desired line of policy. Every form of pressure, every possible argument, which might sway national feeling against Italy, and force the British hand at Geneva, was brought into play and exploited with an almost fanatical energy. The crusade on behalf of Abyssinia and the League could only be compared for religious fervour with a revivalist movement.

FILM NOTES (Continued from page 228)

Post, in both of which journals it appeared as a serial.

So picturesque was the setting, and the plot so full of romance and action that it has been adhered to very faithfully. The hero lover is a young native wrongfully imprisoned in Tahiti for striking a white man who had treated him badly. He succeeds in escaping after many abortive attempts which only increase the length and severity of his original sentence, but cannot live happily on his own island as the Governor is a rigid upholder of the law. While in hiding on a neighbouring island he observes signs of a hurricane and hastens back to warn the Governor, playing a hero's part in the desperate struggle that follows.

The production of the hurricane was arranged by the same mechanical genius, James Baseir, who succeeded in bringing the earthquake so visibly before us in *San Francisco*. It is absolutely terrific in its realism, tearing up the village (which cost £30,000) and giving a most forceful impression of the destructive power of an actual hurricane. Mr. Goldwyn is said to have spent £300,000 on the picture, £50,000 of which has been employed on the making of the storm.

A young American, Jon Hall, who has lived for many years in Tahiti and who apparently swims like a fish, takes the part of the native lover, and does it remarkably well. He has just the right appearance and his debut as a new star will doubtless be deservedly acclaimed. The awful power of the hurricane is magnificently portrayed—the rising of the wind, tearing up trees, whipping off of roofs, and rousing the sea to fury till the whole island is laid bare, and only a handful of the inhabitants are saved. Jon Hall is supported by Dorothy Lamour as his sweetheart; Raymond Massey as the austere Governor; C. Aubrey Smith as the priest; and Mary Astor as the Governor's wife.

B. H.

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TIMES CHANGE

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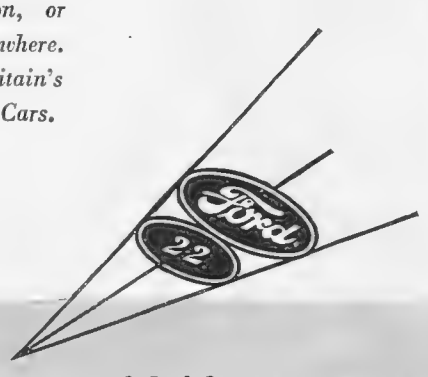

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SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cabaret every evening; Special Gala Dinner on Wednesdays.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *Abril 18–24*. Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19*; Walter de Frece Challenge Cup, *March 5*; "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; President's Challenge Cup. Sailing Regattas, *March 31—Abril 3*. Outboard Meeting, *April 21–24*. Ski-ing—French Championships at Valberg, Beuil and Auron, *February 11–18*. Annual Dog Show, *March 30–31*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff, *February 11*; Henri Szeryng, *February 18*; Elizabeth SCHUMANN, *March 16*; Gala Concert, conducted by Bruno WALTER, *March 23*; Classical Concert with Umberto Benedetti, *February 23*. Opera—"Lohengrin," *February 15*; "L'Aiglon," with Fanny Heldy and Vanni Marcoux, *February 22*; "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," *February 26*; Creation "Andersen's Tales" (Grieg Music), *February 27*.

THEATRE: Comédie Française—official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *Abril 2–28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

WHERE WINTER SELDOM TIGHTENS HER GRIP: Looking across the busy harbour and city of Naples to the heights of Vesuvius. Now spring is drawing near the climate there is ideal

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

From College to Continent : "Snow" and "Azure" Trains Running in France : Travel that Blooms in the Spring

YOUNG TRAVELLERS.—An interesting development is taking place in the world of travel. Increasing attention is being paid to the young people from educational establishments in whom there is any spark of the desire to see something of the countries and people they hear about. There is no need to enlarge on the advantages of these personal contacts and how much more readily the young mind will acquire knowledge in that way than in weary hours in the classroom. Possibly there may be difficulty in finding tutors who are prepared after trying weeks with apparently unresponsive pupils to continue the association for a week or a fortnight under conditions where discipline cannot be of the formroom standard. At the back of their minds, too, may be a feeling that such travels involve responsibility they are reluctant to undertake, particularly at a time when they count on a deserved relaxation.

To the credit of the scholastic profession the relations between tutor and pupil in these days are more than ever carried on in a spirit of companionship and the prospect of a jaunt through a new land is welcomed. That matter of responsibility may quickly be dismissed as a bogy, so good are the arrangements made for dealing with this class of traffic. The parties are accommodated in pensions, hostels, and in some cases, schools. For £7 or £8 a pupil can get a great holiday and probably without realising it, an invaluable education. The tutor will be all the better for sharing both.

ART SURGERY FOR PAPAL TREASURES: Michelangelo's wonderful frescoes in the nave of the Vatican famous Sistine Chapel, which, by order of the Pope, are now undergoing careful repair. It is four centuries since they were painted

America.—The introduction of special excursion fares within certain periods will be appreciated by those anxious to visit the United States or Canada. They apply to twenty-four Cunard White Star westward sailings between April 11 and 24, and June 13 to July 10 inclusive. Passengers travelling on these fares must leave the other side within four weeks of the date of their arrival. There is a wide selection of interesting centres which can be visited within the time available, including New York, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Washington, Boston, Albany, and Ottawa. This is only one of the features of the company's plans for transatlantic holidays during the coming season. Many people will find the idea of travelling out by the St. Lawrence route to Canada and returning from New York after two or three days' sightseeing in that city very attractive. Alternatively they may go out by the *Queen Mary* and return by the Canadian service.

France.—They are very busy now with their "snow" trains to the Alps, the Vosges, the Jura, the Massif Central, and the Pyrenees and the "azure" trains to the Riviera. The country is fortunate in having two such contrasting seasons in full swing at the same time. Both continue until the end of April and the coming weeks are full of special events. About the middle of the month while the championships of the French Ski Federation are being decided at Auron Beuil-Valberg (in the Maritime Alps above Nice and Cannes) down on the coast the sixtieth annual carnival will be in progress at Nice, and yachtsmen will be competing in the international regattas at Cannes.

Flowers.—The desire to see the flora of other lands, while at home the garden lovers are anxiously watching the development of young shoots yielding to the temptation of an abnormally warm opening to the year, and perhaps to track down some rare specimen sends quite a lot of people travelling about the world. Cyprus is one of the hunting grounds, and a little later on a party will be going to Corsica. Nearer at home we have the Scilly Isles, but you do not often hear of anybody going there to see the wonderful sight of the daffodil and narcissi crop which is at its best from now onwards. The Scillonians seem to have made up their minds that something must be done about it. Five of the main islands, St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, and Bryher are almost entirely devoted to flower growing and in the height of the season as many as 1,500,000 daffodils are frequently picked in a day.

THE CURLER, THE SKATER, AND THE SKI-JUMPER appear in this snow sculpture at Arosa. The resort, situated 6,000 ft. above sea level, is enjoying a bumper season which will last well into April for at such an altitude the snow lingers

The slackest period for the outgoing steamers is from the end of January until September but the incoming steamers are heavily booked during that period.

Amalfi.—In its sheltered position this is a very desirable place at this time of year. The Hotel Cappuccini is recommended. It was formerly a convent and is splendidly situated half way up the hill west of the town and there is a magnificent view over the sea and Amalfi. If you prefer to be on the sea the Hotel Marina Riviera is recommended.

Menton.—We think you would like the Royal et Westminster, where there are 100 rooms, all with running water. A double room with pension costs 110 to 240 francs per day. This hotel is on the sea-front and has a garden. The Winter Palace is situated on the hill and has 200 rooms, garden, and tennis. Double room with pension costs 100 to 200 francs per day.

Iceland.—The best time to visit the country is mid-July to mid-August when you may expect good weather. It can, of course, be wet but is not invariably so at this season, and it is usually warm, so that if you have a rainproof and suitable shoes, these should be all you require. If, however you are thinking of fishing and spending many hours in the open, you would need gum boots and some warmer clothing. The Iceland Steamship Company of Reykjavik would send you details of the fishing. Cooks have numerous tours in the island.

Wiesbaden.—In its favoured position in a sheltered valley and enclosed by the forest-clad Taunus hills this is a most attractive winter resort. Not only does the "cure", famous since Roman times, continue throughout the winter but the enterprising management of the Kurhaus see that the social and artistic tastes of the visitors are well catered for. The opera season in the State Theatre is now in full swing.

The golf links of the Wiesbaden club are beautifully situated on the outskirts of the forest near Chausseehaus, and there is sport in plenty, including winter sports, if you want them, at their best in the Taunus hills.

Marseilles.—As you are stopping a night or two to meet a friend embarking for India we suggest the Modern Hotel near the port. It has 60 rooms, and the charge is 20 to 25 francs per day for a single room. The address is 5, La Canabière. Of the hotels near the station, some 20 mins. from the port, we recommend the Touring Hotel with 100 rooms at 15 to 25 francs. There is no restaurant at this hotel. With pension there are, at the port, the Lux (35 to 45 francs), and, near the station, the Guillon (40 to 45 francs) and the Poste (48 to 55 francs). All the hotels mentioned have running water in all rooms.

Beverley Brooke

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

South Africa.—Any time between now and May is suitable for visiting South Africa. Autumn commences there in April.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted

PILLARS OF TOURISM FORGATHER: Mr. and Mrs. Shirley H. James receiving guests at the Travel Luncheon Club's dinner held recently at the Dorchester Hotel. The club came into being only a few years ago but it has grown rapidly and now includes all the leading British travel firms, also representatives from foreign countries

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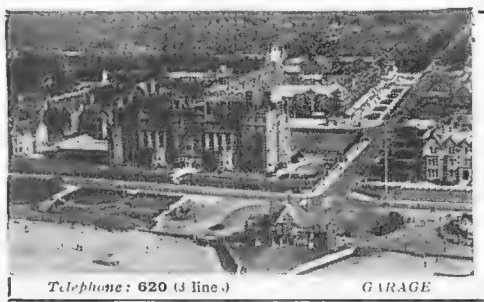

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IDEAL CENTRE FOR GOLF, RIDING, SQUASH, TENNIS, RIVER

In Quest of

Torquay In Her Most Seductive That Will Long

JANUARY 24, 1938! I would that the publishers of this paper could have printed this date in red. For if ever there was a Red Letter Day, this was one, indeed.

Torquay was in her most seductive mood. Never again shall I question her right to refer to herself and her coastline as the English Riviera. Her Marine Drive is a veritable Corniche d'Or. Sea and sky were truly Mediterranean. The rocky cliff face was strangely reminiscent of Corsica.

The gulls wheeled and filled the air with their plaintive cries. The sun was so powerful that I shed my coat. Torquay is in truth an emerald gem, with London but 3½ hours away.

Sometimes I hear of Torquay being compared with Bournemouth. There is no comparison. Both have beauty, both have charm, but on this particular day, January 24, 1938, Torquay obliterated all thoughts of anywhere else.

I have written before in these columns of Torquay and her hotels, but as I still get letters from new readers of THE SPHERE seeking advice on where to stay there, I will give a potted eye-picture of some of her hotels with which I am personally familiar.

The Grand Hotel.—The principal hotel in Torquay with the personal touch. Efficiency meets you at the door in the person of either Mr. or Mrs. Paul, the joint Managers. Backed by an efficient staff, with the two brothers Gilley, Directors, holding a watching brief over all, it's grand at the Grand, Torquay, always. The position of the Grand is superb. I heard only one complaint when I was last there, and that was "that the sun was so hot that the blinds in the dining-room ought to be drawn." Present terms—round about 1 guinea a day mark.

The Headland Hotel, Torquay.—Under the same management as the Grand. Unlicensed, and more of the residential type, with a particular appeal regarding taste and quality. Every room has a sea view. Many ground floor bedrooms and suites. All spotlessly kept. Cuisine of the highest order. Present terms—about 5 guineas a week.

Lincombe Hall, Torquay.—Often known as the "Garden Hotel of Torquay." Lovely sheltered grounds, away from traffic noises. An hotel where the Directors aim at a very high standard. Suites and rooms with or without

Entertainment . . .

London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.

Write or telephone SLOane 4521

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

An Hotel of Quality and charm for a holiday of content. 80 restful bedrooms (many with private bathrooms) with lovely views over Bournemouth Bay. Six acres of gardens with private beach and foreshore to afford complete seclusion. En-Tout-Cas tennis courts. Five golf courses within easy reach (Parkstone adjacent).

Private suites. Lift. Commodious garage. Lock-ups. Illustrated brochure with pleasure; request from S. Whiston, Manager.

Telephone: Canford Cliffs 797/8
Telegrams: Salubritas, Bournemouth

BOURNEMOUTH, W.

Health

Health of body and health of mind. In our hydropathic and other baths, our restful comforts, our verandas and our high, sunny situation (500 feet up) you will find new health . . . . at Great Britain's greatest Hydro *.

And for those who want recreation and a rest, there are concerts, dancing, golf (free) and all the incidental pleasures of living in company where the daily average of visitors is well over 200.

SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK

** Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths, SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.*

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Mood: A January Day Remain in Memory

private bathrooms available. Present terms—about 4½ guineas a week.

Park Hall, Torquay.—One of Torquay's most popular hotels, with a grandstand position, overlooking the Bay. There you will find the personal touch of Mrs. Bagley and her daughters. Go there alone and you need never feel alone, nor even if the weather is cold should you feel it for this is a cosy hotel, and there is central heating in, I believe, all the bedrooms. Present terms —about 3½ guineas a week.

Vernon Court Hotel, Torquay.—Another excellently run hotel with the most perfect view over Torbay. To sit out on the 50 ft. length of balcony is like sitting in the front row of the dress circle at Drury Lane. It is an hotel which is run on country house lines. The personal charm of its owner is reflected in the delightful way in which this house is furnished, and the very pleasant people I found staying there. It is an hotel which flourishes on personal recommendations, and I am very happy to add my name to the many who speak well of it. Inclusive terms now—from about 3 guineas. A bridge club, in connection with the hotel, has just been formed.

Seascape Hotel, Torquay.—Size and variety of accommodation enable this hotel to accept visitors in winter for as low as 2 guineas a week, but do not expect the royal suite for this price. For all, there is the Seascape reputation, established over many years, for excellent cooking and a really liberal table. Mrs. Harrison, who has been connected with the hotel for the best part of a lifetime, still welcomes old friends and charms new ones. For those of limited means the Seascape terms are a very genuine bargain, and I nearly forgot to say that the Seascape, too, warrants its name.

Other hotels which I have recommended before, and which I can still recommend are Templestowe, Roslin Hall, the Torquay Hydro, and Palm Court.

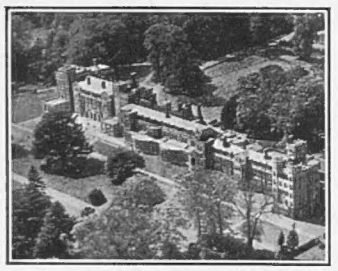
May every day when you visit Torquay be like January 24, 1938.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

WINTER TERMS REDUCTION 20% – 25%
No alteration in Standard.



FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

GRAND in name.
GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly in the Ballroom. 'Phone: 2234.

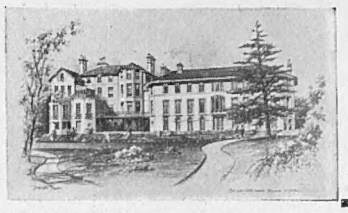
THE GARDEN HOTEL
Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

BUSINESS IS GOOD!

We agree with the Prime Minister that there is every reason for optimism, for here at Lincombe Hall, Torquay, we are as busy in February as we are in June. It is not merely the cuisine and service, but the many little personal extras which make people say "You cannot do better than spend the winter months at—

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

A brochure describing its many advantages will be forwarded on application. Telephone 2302



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After a day's shopping or business you will come back to a peaceful atmosphere at this centrally heated, fully licensed hotel. Comfort in every detail in the bedrooms and lounges, good food and personal attention. Bridge, Billiards, and Ballroom. 400 feet up looking South on to the Downs. Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL
THE DOWNS, WIMBLEDON. *Tel.: WIMbledon 0811-2*

Week-end at
FERRING GRANGE HOTEL NR. WORTHING

A fully licensed country house Hotel twixt Downs and sea. Special week-end terms Friday dinner to Monday breakfast 35/-, or Saturday dinner to Monday, 25/-. Bring golf clubs, Squash racquet and Riding kit. Telephone: Goring by Sea 21.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice for winter . . . a soft equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel. Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel. Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

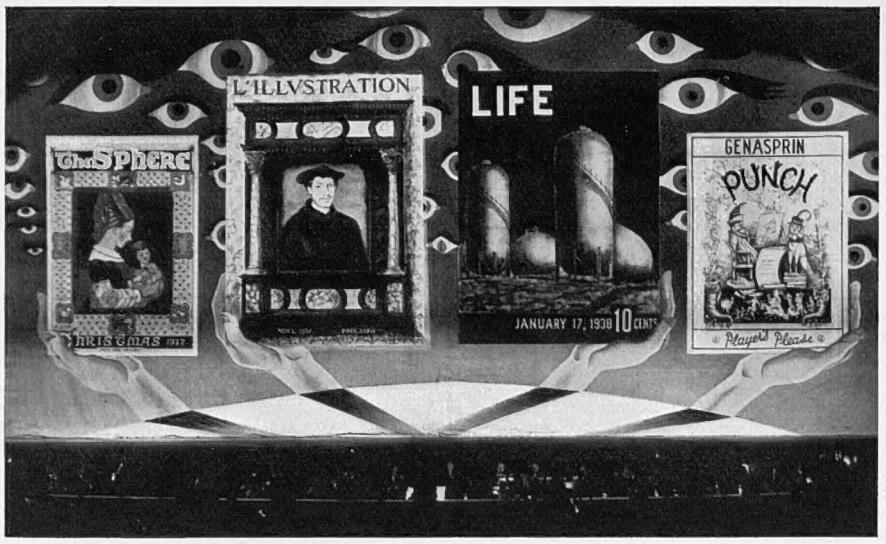
(Continued on page 238)

CONCERNING OURSELVES: "THE SPHERE" ON THE NEW YORK STAGE

And Other Glowing Tributes to the Christmas Number

FROM all corners of the world have come tributes to THE SPHERE Christmas Number, and it is pleasant to think that this publication is so eagerly awaited, and read with such appreciation :—

U.S.A.— Particularly honouring, from the editorial view-point, is the picture reproduced on this page which a New York reader with kindly thought has sent to us. It shows the immense special curtain (an idea of its size can be gained by comparison with the musicians below) which figured in the programme of the Radio City Music Hall for the week beginning Thursday, January 13. It formed part of an item entitled "The Magazine Rack," produced by Russell Markert with settings by Nat Karson, costumes by Marco Montedoro y Willa Van, executed by H. Rogge, and stage lighting by Eugene Braun. The interest which we (and, we trust, our readers) feel in this particular number of the programme lies in the fact that THE SPHERE was selected as the first of the set of journals for musical exposition. The cover of THE SPHERE Christmas Number showed up splendidly (writes our correspondent) on the great curtain, and here is the actual entry in the programme concerning ourselves :—



RECOGNITION: Front covers of *The Sphere* Christmas Number, *L'Illustration* (of Paris), *Life* (of New York), and *Punch* enlarged many times to form a drop-cloth for *The Magazine Rack*—a stage show given at Radio City Music Hall, New York, and dedicated to these four journals. The Walt Disney film *Snow White* was in the same programme

"THE SPHERE"
Andante Cantabile—by Tschaikowsky
Lyrics by Albert Stillman
Viola Philo
Music Hall Glee Club
(Vin Lindhe, Director)

"Great Britain's famous illustrated news magazine was started in 1900. Since then it has presented from week to week a complete pictorial history of principal world events, including the coronation of Edward VII, his death, the crowning of George V, and George VI, together with such outstanding features as a weekly group of drawings of the World War, made at the front by the journal's staff artist, the brilliant Anglo-Italian draftsman, Matania. The publication's circulation is world-wide. . . . In this scene, suggested as much by its name as by its dignified editorial policies and format, the Glee Club sings a specially arranged choral version of the popular Andante Cantabile movement from Tschaikowsky's String Quartet, Opus II, in D major."

SOUTH AFRICA.—Turning to the southern hemisphere here is another tribute from an enthusiastic reader :—

"Dear Editor. During the reading of your gorgeous Xmas number, which I was fortunate enough to receive from a friend in England, I was much interested in the various articles appearing under the heading of 'The Mystery Islands of the Roaring Forties', and particularly with that concerning the wrecking of the barque *Dundonald* on Disappointment Island.

The concluding paragraph under the illustration of the smashing of the *Dundonald* against the cliffs (*vide* page 11) states :—'The party fell under the spell of this land, and their ultimate fate is not known.'

May I take the liberty of adding to this statement, as the remaining survivors of the *Dundonald* were rescued from the main island which they had managed to reach by means of a cockleshell of a boat they had themselves constructed, by S.S. *Hinemoa* in October, 1907.

My brother, Charles Eyre, at present living at 68, Swinburne Road, Roehampton, S.W.15, happened to be one of the survivors, and a narrative of his experiences was written in book form by the Rev. Escott Inman under the title of *The Castaways of Disappointment Island*, and published, I think, in 1908.

It made an interesting story, and is well worth reading, though it is doubtful whether a copy of the book could now be obtained.

Edward Eyre."

GREECE.—Another tribute has been sent to us from a reader in Athens who writes :—

"Dear Sir, The Christmas Number of THE SPHERE is simply a jewel and its cover an equal jewel-box. It will become, unquestionably, one of the best souvenirs of the past and one of the most artistically carved milestones in the high road of the future.

One of the articles in the said number, not less interesting than the others, and very attractively illustrated, is, undoubtedly, the 'Armorial Bearings of the Greeks,' by Mr. W. Loftus Hare."

ENGLAND.—Also of general interest is this letter from a reader in Braintree, Essex. She writes :—

"Sir. As George Arnold, *b.* November 6, 1683; *d.* 1766, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and Ashby Lodge, Northamptonshire, was my great-great-great-great-grandfather, I was interested to read in your issue of the rediscovery of a Hogarth portrait in Paris. My eldest brother, C. C. H. Coape-Arnold of Wolvey, is the eldest representative of the Arnold family. Reference to *Burke's Landed Gentry* under Coape-Arnold mentions that George Arnold was Secretary for War for Scotland in 1724.

It may be of interest to know that there was a six-days' sale of pictures and library of books at Ashby Lodge on April 20, 1854. There were three portraits sold, painted by Hogarth: (1) George Arnold; (2) Miss Arnold, his daughter; (3) Miss Reag.

I write you these details which I believe are correct in case they might be of some little interest to the owner of the rediscovered Hogarth.—I am, yours faithfully, Gundred Savill."

First Class Cruising Liners

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Window or porthole in every room

ROUND VOYAGES TO SOUTH AMERICA
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MAY CRUISES

MAY 7. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Dalmatian Coast and Venice, calling at Palermo, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Corfu, Malta, and Lisbon. **24 days from 34 gns.**

MAY 14. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to Atlantic Islands, calling at Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, Lisbon. **14 days from 18 gns.**

For details of above and full programme of 1938 Cruises apply :

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE LTD.

Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, 3 (Tel. Bank 8850). 27, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3 (Tel. Royal 5723). 64, Cross Street, Manchester, 2 (Tel. Blackfriars 2806) or tourist agents.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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Date _____ 193

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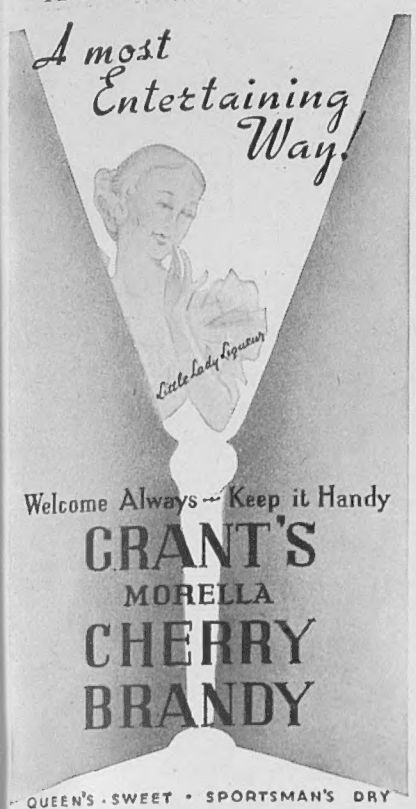

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MORELLA
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QUEEN'S · SWEET · SPORTSMAN'S DRY

CRUFT'S
DOG SHOW
ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.
FEBRUARY 9 & 10
JUDGING EACH DAY

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—The Empress.—Sunniest Hotel. 1st cl. Very comfortable. Cntrl. Grden. Rms with bath. Suites. New mgmt. Frm 3½ gns.

Le Trayas (Var) Navirotel (The Ship Hotel).—Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view —open all the year. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

Paris.—Hotel Jubil´, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

GERMANY.

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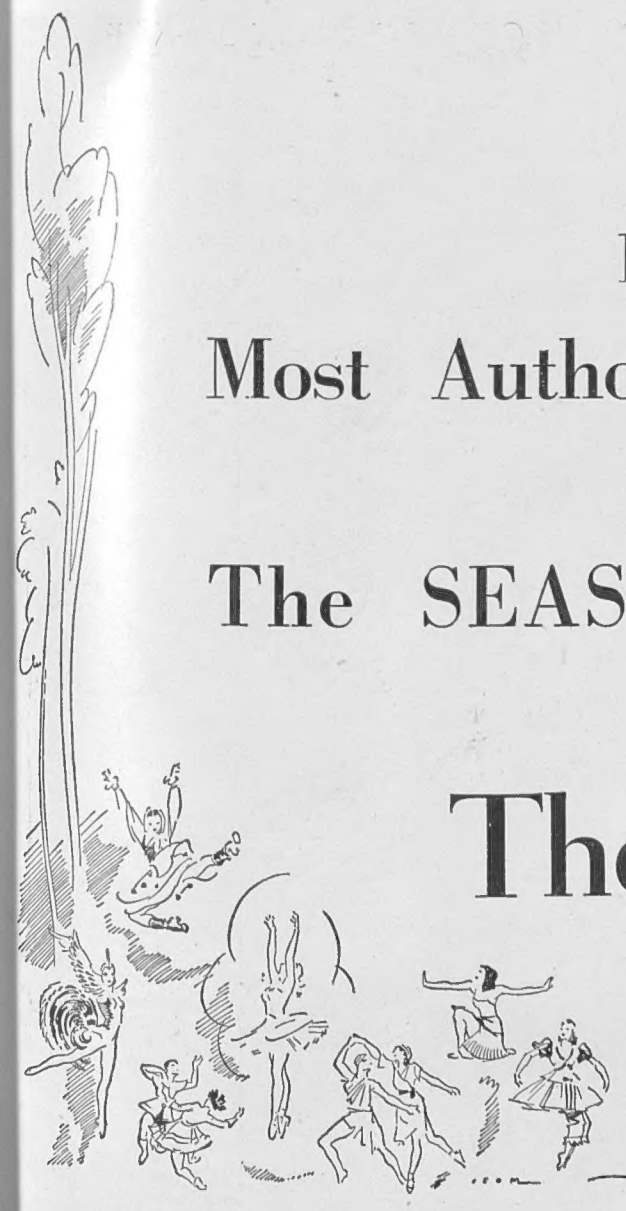

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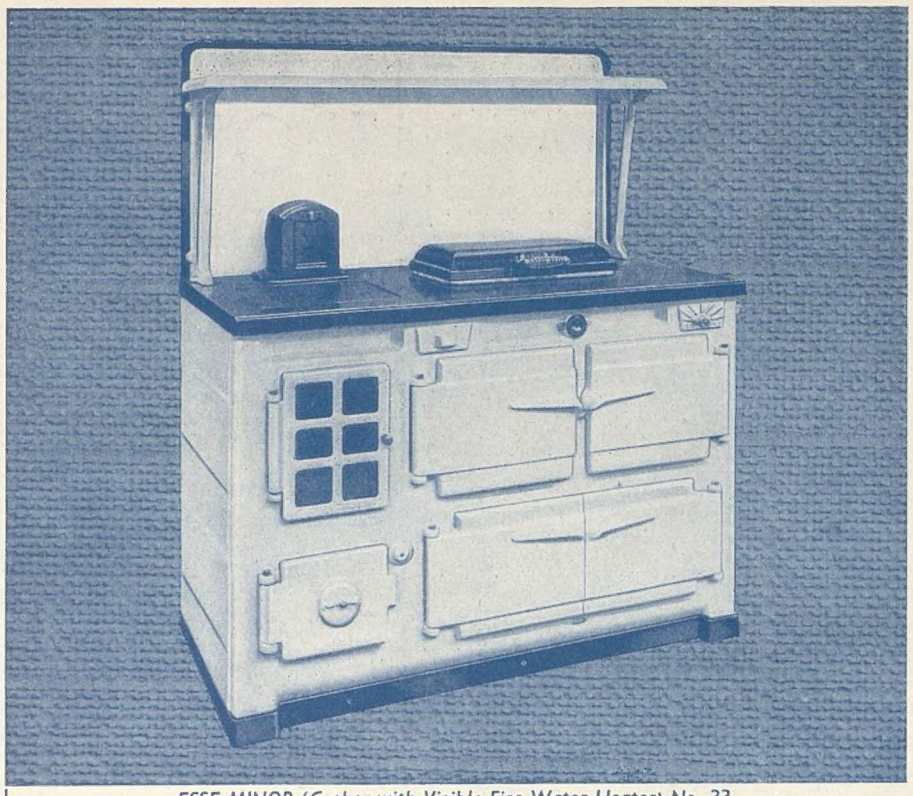

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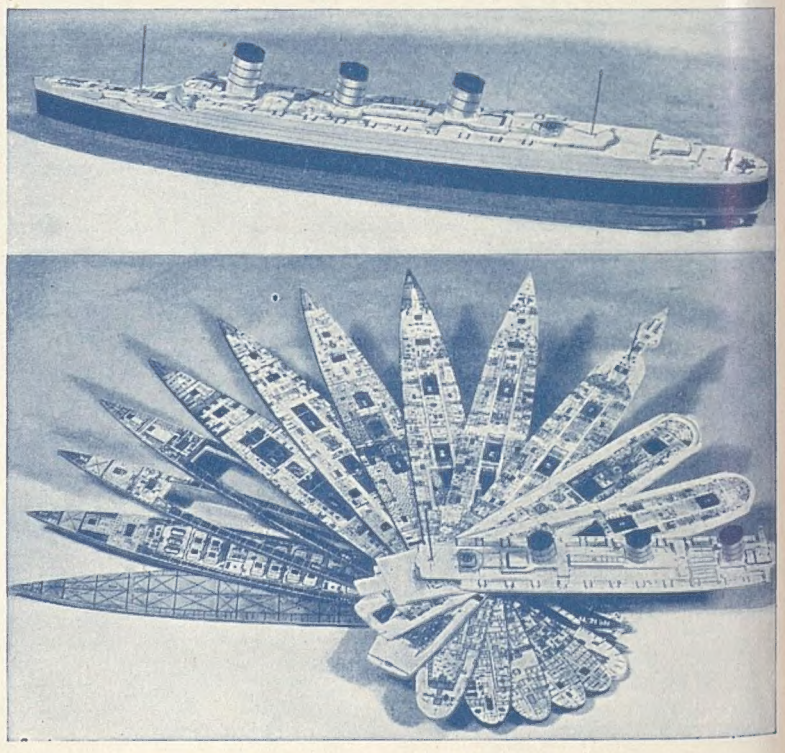

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